THE ORPHAN

OR, THE

Unhappy-Marriage:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted

At His ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

Duke's Theatre.

Written by *THO. OTWAY.*

Qui Pelago credit magno, se fanore tollit;
Qui Pugnas & Castra petit, præcingitur Auro;
Vilis Adulator picto jacet Ebrius Ostro;
Et qui sollicitat Nuptas, ad præmia peccat:
Sola pruinosis horret Facundia pannis,
Atque inopi lingua desertas invocat Artes. Petron. Arb. Sat.

LONDON.

Printed for *R. Bentley*, at the *Post-House*, in *Russel-street*, in *Covent-Garden*. 1696.

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Printed for R. Tonson, at the [illegible] in Covent-Garden, 1698.

To her Royal Highneſs the Dutcheſs.

MADAM.

AFTER having a great while wiſh't to write ſomething that might be worthy to lay at your Highneſſes Feet, and finding it impoſſible: Since the World has been ſo kind to me to Judge of this Poem to my advantage, as the moſt pardonable fault which I have made in its kind; I had ſinn'd againſt my ſelf, if I had not choſen this Opportunity to implore (what my Ambition is moſt fond of) your Favour and Protection.

For though Fortune would not ſo far bleſs my endeavours, as to encourage them with your Royal Highneſſes Preſence, when this came into the World; Yet, I cannot but declare it was my deſign and hopes, it might have been your divertiſement in that happy ſeaſon, when you return'd again to chear all thoſe eyes, that had before wept for your Departure, and enliven all hearts that had droopt for your abſence: When Wit ought to have pay'd it's Choiceſt Tributes in, and Joy have known no Limits, then I hop'd my little Mite would not have been rejected; though my ill Fortune was too hard for me, and I loſt a greater Honour, by your Royal Highneſſes Abſence, than all the Applauſes of the World beſides can make me Reparation for.

Nevertheleſs, I thought my ſelf not quite unhappy, ſo long as I had hopes this way yet to recompence my diſappointment paſt: When I conſider'd alſo, that Poetry might claim right to a little ſhare in your Favour: For *Taſſo*, and *Arioſto*, ſome of the beſt, have made their Names Eternal, by tranſmitting to after-Ages the Glory of your Anceſtors: And under the ſpreading of that ſhade, where two of the beſt have planted their Lawrels, how Honoured ſhould I be, who am the worſt, if but a branch might grow for me.

I dare not think of offering any thing in this Addreſs, that might look like a Panegyrick, for fear leaſt when I have done my beſt, the World ſhould condemn me, for ſaying too little, and you your ſelf check me, for medling with a Task unfit for my Talent.

For the deſcription of Virtues, and Perfections ſo rare as yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate, as skilful a Hand; the Features muſt be drawn very fine, to be like, haſty dawbing would but ſpoil the Picture, and make it ſo unnatural, as muſt want falſe lights to ſet it off: And your Virtue can receive no more Luſtre from Practiſes, then your Beauty can be improv'd by Art; which as it Charms the braveſt Prince that ever amaz'd the World with his Virtue: So, let but all other Hearts inquire into themſelves, and then Judge, how it ought to be prais'd.

Your Love too, as none but that great Hero, who has it, could deſerve it, and therefore, by a particular Lot from Heav'n, was deſtin'd to ſo extraordinary a bleſſing, ſo matchleſs for it ſelf, and ſo wondrous for it's Conſtancy, ſhall be remembred to your Immortal Honour, when all other Tranſactions of the Age you live in ſhall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask Pardon for the fault I have been all this while Committing. Wherefore I beg your Highneſs to forgive me this preſumption, and that you will be pleas'd to think well of one who cannot help reſolving with all the Actions of Life, to endeavour to deſerve it: Nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted that I may through yours never want an Advocate in his Favour, whoſe Heart and Mind you have ſo entire a ſhare in; it is my only Portion and my Fortune; I cannot but be happy, ſo long as I have but hopes I may enjoy it, and I muſt be Miſerable, ſhould it ever be my ill Fate to loſe it.

This with Eternal wiſhes for your Royal Highneſs's Content, Happineſs, and Proſperity, in all Humility is preſented by

Your moſt obedient and devoted Servant.

THO. OTWAY.

The Persons Represented in the Tragedy.

MEN.

Acasto, A Nobleman retired from the Court, and living privately in the Country. By Mr. *Gillow.*

Castalio, } His Sons. By Mr. *Betterton.*
Polydore, } By Mr. *Jo. Williams.*

Chamont, A young Souldier of Fortune. By Mr. *Smith.*

Ernesto, } Servants in the Fa- By Mr. *Norris.*
Paulino, } mily. By Mr. *Wiltshire.*

Cordelio, *Polydore's* Page. By the little Girl.

Chaplain. By Mr. *Percival.*

WOMEN,

Monimia, The Orphan, left under the Guardianship of old *Acasto*. By Mrs. *Barry.*

Serina, *Acasto's* Daughter. By Mrs. *Boteler.*

Florella, *Monimia's* Woman. By Mrs. *Osborn.*

SCENE, *BOHEMIA.*

Prologue.

TO you, great Judges, in this Writing Age,
The Sons of Wit, and Patrons of the Stage,
With all those humble thoughts, which still have sway'd
His Pride, much doubting, trembling and afraid
Of what is to his want of merit due,
And aw'd by every Excellence in you,
The Author sends to beg you would be kind,
And spare those many faults you needs must find,
You to whom Wit a Common Foe is grown,
The thing ye scorn, and publickly disown;
Though now perhaps y' are here for other ends,
He swears to me ye ought to be his Friends:
For he ne're call'd ye yet insipid Tools;
Nor wrote one line to tell ye you were Fools:
But says of wit ye have so large a store,
So very much, you never will have more.
He ne're with Libel treated yet the Town,
The names of Honest men bedaw'd and shown,
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless life
Of Suburb Virgin, or of City Wife:
Satyr's the effect of Poetries disease;
Which, Sick of a lew'd Age, she vents for Ease,
But now her only strife should be to please;
Since of ill Fate the baneful Clowd's withdrawn;
And happiness again begins to dawn,
Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come,
That always drove Fears hence, ne're brought 'em home,
Oft has he plow'd the boist'rous Ocean o're,
Yet ne're more welcome to the longing shoar,
Not when he brought home Victories before.
For then fresh Lawrels flourish't on his Brow,
And he comes Crown'd with Olive-branches now,
Receive him! Oh receive him as his Friends;
Embrace the Blessings which he Recommends;
Such quiet as your Foes shall ne're destroy;
Then shake off Fears, and clap your hands for Joy.

THE ORPHAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Paulino *and* Erneſto.

Paul. 'Tis ſtrange *Erneſto*, this ſeverity
Should ſtill reign pow'rful in *Acaſto's* mind,
To hate the Court where he
Was bred and liv'd,
All Honours heap'd on him that Pow'r cou'd give.

Erneſt. 'Tis true, he came thither a private Gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a Family
Ancient and Noble as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gain'd are juſtly his;
He purchas'd them in War; thrice has he led
An Army againſt the Rebels, and as often
Return'd with Victory; the world has not
A truer Souldier, or a better Subject.

Paul. It was his Virtue at firſt made me ſerve him;
He is the beſt of Maſters as of Friends
I know he has lately been invited thither;
Yet ſtill he keeps his ſtubborn purpoſe, cries,
He's old, and willingly would be at reſt:
I doubt there's deep reſentment in his mind,
For the late ſlight his Honour ſuffer'd there.

Ern. Has he not reaſon? When for what he had born
Long, hard, and faithful Toyl, he might have claim'd
Places in Honour, and employment high;
A huffing ſhining flatt'ring cringing Coward,
A Canker-worm of Peace was rais'd above him.

Paul. Yet ſtill he holds juſt value for the King
Nor ever Names him but with higheſt reverence.

'Tis

'Tis noble that———

Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praiſe,
Speak things of him might Charm the Ears of Envy.

Paul. Oh may he live till Nature's ſelf grow old,
And from her Womb no more can bleſs the Earth!
For when he dies, farewel all Honour, Bounty,
All generous encouragement of Arts,
For charity her ſelf becomes a Widow.

Ern. No, he has two Sons that were ordain'd to be
As well his Virtues, as his Fortunes Heirs.

Paul. They're both of Nature mild, and full of ſweetneſs.
They came Twins from the Womb, and ſtill they live,
As if they would go Twins too to the Grave:
Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each others joys as griefs partaking;
So very honeſtly, ſo well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

Ern. Never was Parent in an Off-ſpring happier,
He has a Daughter too, whoſe blooming Age,
Promiſes Goodneſs equal to her Beauty.

Paul. And as there is a Friendſhip 'twixt the Brethren,
So has her Infant Nature choſen too
A faithful Partner of her thoughts and wiſhes,
And kind Companion of her harmleſs pleaſures.

Ern. You mean the Beauteous Orphan, fair *Monimia*?

Paul. The ſame, the Daughter of the brave *Chamont*.
He was our Lords Companion in the Wars,
Where ſuch a wondrous Friendſhip grew between 'em
As only Death could end: *Chamont*'s Eſtate
Was ruin'd in our late and Civil diſcords;
Therefore unable to advance her Fortune,
He left his Daughter to our Maſter's care;
To ſuch a care as ſhe ſcarce loſt a Father.

Ern. Her Brother to the Emperour's Wars went early,
To ſeek a Fortune or a noble Fate;
Whence he with Honour is expected back,
And mighty marks of that great Prince's Favour.

Paul. Our Maſter never would permit his Sons
To lance for Fortune in th' uncertain World,
But wants to avoid both Courts, and Camps,
Where Dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave noble honeſt gallant Man,
To throw her ſelf away on Fools and Knaves.

Ern. They both have forward, gen'rous active Spirits,
'Tis daily their Petition to their Father,

To

To send them forth where Glory's to be gotten;
They cry they're weary of their lazy home,
Restless to do some thing that Fame may talk of.
To day they chas'd the Boar, and near this time
Should be return'd.

Paul. Oh that's a Royal sport!
We yet may see the old man in a morning,
Lusty as health come ruddy to the Field,
And there pursue the chace as if he meant
To o'retake time and bring back Youth again.

[*Ex.* Ern. *and* Paul.

Enter Castalio, Polydor, *and Page.*

Cast. Polydor! our sport
Has been to day much better for the danger;
When on the brink the foaming Boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,
The desperate savage rusht within my Force,
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock.

Polyd. But then ——

Cast. Ay then my brother, my Friend *Polydor*,
Like *Perseus* mounted on his winged Steed
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice leapt
To save *Castalio*. 'Twas a God-like Act.

Polyd. But when I came, I found you Conqueror.
Oh my heart danc't to see your danger past!
The heat and fury of the Chace was could,
And I had nothing in my mind but Joy.

Cast. So, *Polydor*, methinks we might in War
Rust on together; Thou shou'dst be my Guard,
And I be thine; what is't could hurt us then?
Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And d'ye of rank diseases here at home?

Pol. No, let me purchase in my Youth Renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be busie in the world and learn,
Not like a course and useless dungle weed
Fixt to one spot and rot just as I grow.

Cast. Our Father
Has ta'ne himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries it is not safe that we should taste it;
I own I have Duty very pow'rful in me;
And tho' I'd hazard all to raise my Name,

Yet he's ſo tender and ſo good a Father,
I could not do a thing to croſs his will.
Pol. Caſtilio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you, can ſatisfy:
Will you be free and candid to your Friend?
Caſt. Have I a thought my *Polydor* ſhou'd not know?
What can this mean?
Poll. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the ſtricteſt bonds of Faithful Friendſhip,
To ſhew your heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your ſins to Heaven.
Caſt. I will.
Pol. And ſhould I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the ſuff'rance of a tender Friend.
Caſt. As calmly as the wounded Patient bears
The Artiſt's hand, that Miniſters his Cure.
Pol. That's kindly ſaid. You know our Fathers ward
The fair *Monimia*; is your Heart at peace?
Is it ſo guarded that you could not love her?
Caſt. Suppoſe I ſhould.
Pol. Suppoſe you ſhould not, Brother.
Caſt. You'd ſay, I muſt not.
Pol. That would ſound too roughly
'Twixt Friends and Brothers, as we two are.
Caſt. Is Love a Fault?
Pol. In one of us it may be:
What if I Love her?
Caſt. Then I muſt inform you,
I lov'd her firſt, and cannot quit the Claim,
But will preſerve the Birth-right of my Paſſion.
Pol. You will.
Caſt. I will.
Pol. No more, I've done.
Caſt. Why not?
Pol. I told you I had done;
But you *Caſtalio* would diſpute it.
Caſt. No:
Not with my *Polydore*; though I muſt own
My Nature obſtinate and void of ſuff'rance.
Love rains a very Tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his Throne by all his Guards
Of furious wiſhes, fears, and nice ſuſpicions.
I could not bear a Rival in my Friendſhip,
I am ſo much in love, and Fond of thee.
Pol. Yet you would break this Friendſhip!

Caſt.

Caſt. Not for Crowns,
Pol. But for a Toy you would, a Womans Toy,
Unjuſt *Caſtalio.*
Caſt. Prithee, where's my fault?
Pol. You love *Monimia.*
Caſt. Yes.
Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your Rival.
Caſt. No, ſure we're ſuch Friends,
So much one man, that our affections too
Muſt be united, and the ſame as we are.
Pol. I dote upon *Monimia.*
Caſt. Love her ſtill;
Win, and enjoy her.
Pol. Both of us cannot.
Caſt. No matter
Whoſe chance it proves, but let's not quarrel for't.
Pol. You would not wed *Monimia*, would you?
Caſt. Wed her!
No! were ſhe all deſire could wiſh, as fair
As would the vaineſt of her Sex be thought,
With Wealth beyond what Womans pride could waſte,
She ſhould not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry?
When I am old and weary of the World,
I may grow deſparate
And take a Wife to mortify withall.
Pol. It is an elder Brothers duty ſo
To propagate his Family and Name:
You would not have yours dye and bury'd with you?
Caſt. Meer Vanity, and ſilly Dotage all;
No, let me live at large, and when I dye,
Pol. Who ſhall poſſeſs th' Eſtate you leave?
Caſt. My Friend,
If he ſurvives me, if not, my King,
Who may beſtow't again on ſome brave man,
Whoſe Honeſty and Services deſerve one.
Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.
Caſt. By yon Heaven, I love
My *Polydore* beyond all worldly Joys,
And would not ſhock his quiet to be bleſt
With greater happineſs than man e're taſted.
Pol. And by that Heaven eternally I ſwear,
To keep the kind *Caſtalio* in my heart.
Whoſe ſhall *Monimia* be?
Caſt. No matter who's.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?

Cast. I was, and should have met her here again;
But th' oppertunity shall now be thine;
My self will bring thee to the Scene of Love;
But have a care, by Friendship I conjure thee,
That no false Play be offer'd to thy Brother.
Urge all thy pow'rs to make thy Passion prosper,
But wrong not mine.

Pol. Heav'n blest me if I do.

Cast. If't prove thy Fortune. *Polydor*, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the Arts of fine perswasion!)
Trust me and let me know thy Love's success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul then Rest
To weary Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold,
To great men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride,
Rather then wrong *Castalio*, I'd forget her.
For if ye Pow'rs have happiness in store,
When ye would shower down joyes on *Polydor*,
In one great blessing all your bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a Friend.

[*Ex.* Cast. Pol. *Manet Page.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. So soon return'd from hunting? This fair Day
Seems as if sent to invite the world abroad.
Past not *Castalio* and *Polydor* this way?

Page. Madam, just now.

Mon. Sure some ill Fate's upon me.
Distrust and heaviness sits round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my timorous Soul.
Why was I not slain in my peaceful Grave
With my poor Parents? And at Rest as they are?
Instead of that I am wand'ring into cares.
Castalio! Oh *Castalio!* Thou hast caught
My Foolish heart; and like a tender Child,
That trusts his play-thing to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near *Cordelio*, I must chide you, Sir.

Page. Why, Madam, have I done you any wrong?

Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder;
Sat by my Bed, and sung me pretty Songs;
Perhaps I've been ungreatful, here's Mony for You.
Will you oblige me? Shall I see you oftener?

Pag. Madam, I'de ſerve you with my Soul;
But in a morning when you call me to you,
As by your bed I ſtand and tell you ſtories,
I am aſham'd to ſee your ſwelling Breaſts,
It makes me bluſh, they are ſo very white.
Mon. Oh men for flattery and deceit renown'd!
Thus when y'are young, ye learn it all like him,
Till as your years increaſe, that ſtrengthens too,
T'undo poor Maids and make our ruin eaſie.
Tell me, *Cordelio*, for thou haſt oft heard
Their friendly Converſe, and their boſome ſecrets,
Sometimes at leaſt, have they not talkt of me?
Pag. Oh Madam! Very wickedly they have talkt:
But I'm afraid to name it, for they ſay
Boys muſt be whipt that tell there Maſters ſecrets.
Mon. Fear not, *Cordelio*! it ſhall ne're be known;
For I'll preſerve the ſecrets as 'twere mine.
Polydor cannot be ſo kind as I.
I'll furniſh thee for all the harmleſs ſports
With pretty Toys, and thou ſhalt be my Page.
Pag. And truly, Madam, I had rather be ſo.
Methinks you love me better then my Lord,
For he was never half ſo kind as you are!
What muſt I do?
Mon. Inform me how th' haſt heard
Caſtalio, and his Brother uſe my name?
Pag. With all the tenderneſs of Love,
You were the Subject of there laſt diſcourſe.
At firſt I thought it would have Fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot the other coold,
And yielded to the frailty of his Friend;
At laſt, after much ſtrugling 'twas reſolv'd.
Mon. What good *Cordelio*?
Pag. Not to quarrel for you.
Mon. I would not have 'em, by my deareſt hopes,
I would not be the argument of ſtrife.
But ſurely my *Caſtalio* won't forſake me,
And make a Mockery of my eaſie Love.
Went they together?
Pag. Yes to ſeek you, Madam.
Caſtalio promis'd *Polydor* to bring him,
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the Fortune of his wiſhes.
Mon. Am I then grown ſo cheap, juſt to be made
A common ſtake, a prize for love in jeſt?

Was not *Caſtalio* very loth to yield it,
Or was it *Polydor*'s unruly Paſſion,
That heightned the debate?

Pag. The fault was *Polydor*'s,
Caſtalio play'd with love, and ſmiling ſhew'd
The pleaſure, not the pangs of his deſire.
He ſaid no Womans ſmiles ſhould buy his Freedom;
And Marriage is a mortifying thing.

Mon. Then I am ruin'd, if *Caſtalio*'s falſe,
Where is there Faith, and Honour to be found?
Ye Gods, that Guard the Innocent, and guide
The Weak; protect, and take me to your care.
Oh! but I love him: There's the Rock will wrack me!
Why was I made with all my Sexes ſoftneſs,
Yet, want the Cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll ſee *Caſtalio*, tax him with his falſehoods,
Be a true Woman, rail, proteſt my wrongs;
Reſolve to hate him, and yet love him ſtill.

Enter Caſtalio *and* Polydor.

He comes, the Conquerour comes! lye ſtill, my Heart,
And learn to bear thy injuries with ſcorn.

Caſt. Madam, my Brother begs he may have leave
To tell you ſomething that concerns you nearly;
I leave you as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My Lord *Caſtalio*!

Caſt. Madam!

Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuſe me palpably? What means this uſage?
Why am I left with *Polydor* alone?

Caſt. He beſt can tell you. Buſineſs of importance
Calls me away, I muſt attend my Father.

Mon. Will you then leave me thus?

Caſt. But for a moment.

Mon. It has been otherwiſe; the time has been,
When buſineſs might have ſtay'd, and I been heard.

Caſt. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of ſuch odd circumſtances preſs me,
That I muſt go———

Mon. Then go, and if't be poſſible for ever. [*Ex.* Caſt.
Well, my Lord *Polydor*, I gueſs your buſineſs,
And read the ill-natur'd purpoſe in your eyes.

Pol. If to deſire you more than Miſers Wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life,

If

If ſofteſt Wiſhes, and a heart more true,
Than ever ſuffer'd yet for love diſdain'd,
Speak an ill Nature, you accuſe me juſtly.
Mon. Talk not of Love, my Lord, I muſt not bear it.
Pol. Who can behold ſuch Beauty, and be ſilent?
Deſire firſt taught us words? Man when created
At firſt alone, long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and ſilent as his Vaſſal-Beaſts;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange pleaſures fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his firſt talk was Love.
Mon. The firſt created pair, indeed, were bleſt;
They were the only Objects of each other;
Therefore he Courted her, and her alone;
But in this peopled World of Beauty, where
There's roving Room, where you may court, and ruin
A thouſand more, why need you talk to me?
Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever: Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On thoſe dear eyes, for every glance they ſend
Darts through my Soul, and almoſt gives enjoyment.
Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I muſt confeſs, indeed, I owe you more,
Than ever I can hope to think to pay.
There always was a Friendſhip 'twixt our Families;
And therefore when my tender Parents dy'd,
Whoſe ruin'd Fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your Father's Pity, and his Bounty took me
A poor and helpleſs Orphan to his care.
Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it ſo, to make me happy.
Hence with this peeviſh Vertue, 'tis a cheat,
And thoſe who taught it firſt, were Hypocrites.
Come, theſe ſoft tender Limbs were made for yielding.
Mon. Here on my knees by Heavens bleſt power I ſwear,
[*Kneels.*
If you perſiſt, I never henceforth will ſee you
But rather wander, through the World a Beggar,
And live on ſordid ſcraps at proud Mens Doors;
For though to Fortune loſt, I'll ſtill inherit
My Mother's Vertues and my Father's Honour.
Pol. Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right, y're always falſe,
Or ſilly; even your Dreſſes are not more
Fantaſtick than your Appetites! you think
Of nothing twice! Opinion you have none.

To

To day y'are nice, to morrow not so free,
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad,
Now please, now not; and all you know not why.
Vertue you affect, inconstancy's your practice,
And when your loose desires once get dominion,
No hungry Churle feeds courser at a Feast;
Every rank Fool goes down———

Mon. Indeed, my Lord,
I own my Sexes follies, I have 'em all,
And to avoid its fault must fly from you,
Therefore believe me, could you raise me high
As most fantastick Womans wish could reach,
And lay all Nature's Riches at my feet,
I'de rather run a Salvage in the Woods
Amongst bruit Beasts, grow wrinckled and deform'd,
As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my Honour safe
From the destroying wiles of faithless men. [*Ex.* Mon.

Pol. Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call'd man,
To chringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty Bull ranges through all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
It shall be so, I'll yet possess my Love,
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours.
Then when her roving thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton wishes to her heart;
I'th' very minute when her Vertue nods,
I'll rush upon her in a storm of Love,
Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
Surfeit on Joys till even desire grow sick;
Then be long Absence liberty regain,
And quiet forget the pleasure and the pain.

[*Ex.* Pol. *and Page*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Acasto, Castalio, Polydor, *Attendants.*

Acast TO day has been a Day of Glorious sport.
When you, *Castalio*, and your Brother left me,
Forth from the Thickets rush't another Boar,

So

So large, he ſeem'd the Tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful Briſtles rais'd up high,
They ſeem'd a Grove of ſpears upon his Back;
Foaming he came at me, where I was poſted,
Beſt to obſerve which way he'd lead the Chace,
Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his Prey;
Till brandiſhing my well poys'd Javelin high,
With his cold Executing arm, I ſtruck
The ugly brindled Monſter to the heart.

Caſt. The Actions of your life were always wond'rous.

Acaſt. No flattery, Boy! an honeſt man can't live by't,
It is a little ſneaking Art, which Knaves
Uſe to Cajole and ſoften Fools withal;
If thou haſt flatt'ry in thy Nature, out with't,
Or ſend it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

Pol. Why there?

Acaſt. 'Tis, next to Money, currant there,
To be ſeen daily in as many forms,
As there are ſorts of Vanities, and Men;
The ſuperſtitious States-man has his ſneer
To ſmooth a poor man off with that can't bribe him;
The grave dull fellow of ſmall buſineſs ſooths
The Humoriſt, and will needs admire his Wit:
Who without ſpleen could ſee a hot-brain'd *Atheiſt*
Thanking a ſurly Doctor for his Sermon,
Or a Grave Councellor meet a ſmooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by the hand, and praiſe his good Complexion.

Pol. Courts are the places where beſt manners flouriſh.
Where the deſerving ought to riſe and Fools
Make ſhow. Why ſhould I vex and chafe my ſpleen,
To ſee a gawdy Coxcomb ſhine, when I
Have ſeen enough to ſooth him in his follies
And ride him to advantage as I pleaſe? ——

Acaſt. Who merit ought indeed to r[illegible] i'th' world,
But no wiſe man that's honeſt ſhould expect.
What man of ſenſe would rack his generous mind,
To practiſe all the baſe Formalities
And Forms of buſineſs, force a grave ſtarch't face,
When he's a very Libertine in's heart?
Seem not to know this or that man in publick,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the Scene of ſome brave Fellows Ruin?
Such things are done ——

Caſt. Your Lordſhips wrongs have been

So great that you with Juſtice may complain;
But ſuffer us whoſe younger minds ne're felt
Fortunes deceits, to Court her as ſhe's fair.
Were ſhe a Common Miſtreſs, kind to all,
Her worth would ceaſe, and half the world grow idle.

Acaſt. Go to, y'are Fools, and know me not, I've learnt
Long ſince to bear revenge, or ſcorn my wrongs,
According to the value of the doer;
You both would fain be Great, and to that end
Deſire to do things worthy your Ambition;
Go to the Camp, Preferment's nobleſt Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the faireſt play, you'll find
Corruption, envy, diſcontent, and faction,
Almoſt in every Band: How many men
Have ſpent their blood in their dear Countries ſervice,
Yet now pine under want, while ſelfiſh ſlaves,
That eve'n would cut their throats, whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly Locuſts eat the Honey up,
Which thoſe induſtrious Bees ſo hardly toyl'd for?

Caſt. Theſe Precepts ſuit not with my Active mind,
Methinks I would be buſie.

Pol. So would I,
Not loyter out my life at home, and know
No farther than one proſpect gives me leave.

Acaſt. Buſie your minds then, ſtudy Arts and Men:
Learn how to value Merits though in Rags,
And ſcorn a proud ill manner'd Knave in Office.

Enter Serina, Monimia, *and Maid.*

Ser. My Lord, my Father!

Acaſt. Bleſſings on my Child,
My little Cherub, what haſt thou to ask me?

Ser. I bring you, Sir, moſt glad and welcome News,
The Young *Chamont*, whom you've ſo often wiſht for,
Is juſt arriv'd and entring.

Acaſt. By my Soul,
And all my honours, he's moſt dearly welcome,
Let me receive him like his Father's Friend.

Enter Chamont,

Welcome, thou Relick of the beſt lov'd man,
Welcome from all the Turmoils, and the Hazards,
Of certain danger, and uncertain fortune;

Welcome

Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears.

Cham. Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you,
Should I begin to ſpeak, my Soul's ſo full,
That I ſhoul talk of nothing elſe all day.

Mon. My Brother!

Cham. Oh my Siſter! let me hold thee
Long in my Arms, I've not beheld thy Face
Theſe many days by night I've often ſeen thee
In gentle Dreams, and ſatisfied my Soul
With fancy'd Joy, till morning cares awak'd me.
Another Siſter, ſure it muſt be ſo;
Though I remember well, I had but one:
But I feel ſomething in my heart that prompts,
And tells me ſhe has claim and intereſt there.

Acaſt. Young Souldier, you've not only ſtudy'd War,
Courtſhip I ſee has been your Practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my Daughter.

Cham. Is ſhe your Daughter? then my heart told true!
And I'm at leaſt her Brother by Adoption.
For you have made your ſelf to me a Father,
And by that Patent I have leave to love her.

Ser. Monimia, thou haſt told me, men are falſe,
Will flatter, feign, and make an Art of Love.
Is *Chamont* ſo? No, ſure he's more then man,
Something that's near Divine, and Truth dwells in him.

Acaſt. Thus happy, who would envy pompous Pow'rs,
The Luxury of Courts, or wealth of Cities?
Let there be Joy through all the houſe this day!
In every Room let plenty flow at large,
It is the Birth-day of my Royal Maſter.
You have not viſited the Court, *Chamont*,
Since your Return?

Cham. I have no buſineſs there,
I have not ſlaviſh Temperance enough
T' attend a Fav'rites heels, and watch his ſmiles,
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face,
And thank the Lord that wrong'd me for his favour.

Acaſt. This you could do. [*To his Sons.*

Caſt. I'd ſerve my Prince.

Acaſt. Who'd ſerve him?

Caſta. I would, my Lord.

Pol. And I, both would.

Acaſt. Away.
He needs not any Servants ſuch as you!
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!

He is ſo good, praiſe cannot ſpeak his worth:
So merciful, ſure he ne're ſlept in wrath;
So juſt, that were he but a private man,
He could not do a wrong. How would you ſerve him?

Caſt. I'de ſerve him with my Fortune here at home,
And ſerve him with my perſon in his wars,
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Pol. Dye for him,
As every true born loyal Subject ought.

Acaſt. Let me embrace you both. Now by the Souls
Of my brave Anceſtors, I'm truly happy,
For this be ever bleſt my Marriage day,
Bleſt be your Mothers memory that bore you,
And double bleſt be that auſpicious Hour,
That gave the Birth. Yes, my aſpiring Boys,
Ye ſhall have buſineſs, when your Maſter wants you,
You cannot ſerve a Nobler, I have ſerv'd him,
In this old body yet the marks remain
Of many wounds. I've with his Tongue proclaim'd
His right, even in the face of rank Rebellion,
And when a foul mouth'd Traytor once prophan'd
His ſacred name, with my good Sabir drawn,
Ev'n at the head of all his giddy rout,
I ruſht and Clove the Rebel to the Chine

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, the expected Gueſts are juſt arriv'd.

Acaſt. Go you, and give 'em Welcome and Reception.

Cham. My Lord, I ſtand in need of your aſſiſtance
In ſomething that concerns my Peace and Honour.

Acaſt. Spoke like the Son of that brave man I lov'd;
So freely friendly we converſt together.
What e're it be with confidence impart it,
Thou ſhalt command my Fortune and my Sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your Friendſhip nor your Juſtice:
Your Bounty ſhewn to what I hold moſt dear,
My Orphan Siſter, muſt not be forgotten!

Acaſt. Prithee, no more of that; it grates my Nature.

Cham. When our dear Parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
One Fate ſurpriz'd 'em, and one Grave receiv'd 'em:
My Father with his dying breath bequeath'd
Her to my Love: My Mother, as ſhe lay
Languiſhing by him, call'd me to her ſide,
Took me in her fainting Arms, wept, and embrac'd me,

Then

Then preſt me cloſe, and as ſhe obſerv'd my Tears,
Kiſt 'em away, ſaid ſhe, *Chamont* my Son,
By this and all the Love I ever ſhew'd thee,
Be careful of *Monimia*, watch her Youth,
Let not her wants betray her to diſhonour.
Perhaps kind Heaven may raiſe ſome friend; [*Then ſigh'd*
Kiſt me again; ſo bleſt us, and expir'd.
Pardon my grief.

Acaſt. It ſpeaks an honeſt Nature.

Cham. The Friend Heav'n rais'd was you, you took her up
An Infant to the deſert world expos'd,
And prov'd another Parent.

Acaſt. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my Fears.

Acaſt. Then why this Argument?

Cham. My Lord, my Nature's jealous, and you'l bear it.

Acaſt. Go on.

Cham. Great Spirits bear misfortunes hardly,
Good Offices claim Gratitude, and Pride
Where Pow'r is wanting, will uſurp a little,
May us (rather then be thought behind-hand)
Pay over-price.

Acaſt, I cannot gueſs your drift;
Diſtruſt you me?

Cham. No, but I fear her weakneſs
May make her pay a debt at any rate:
And to deal freely with your Lordſhips goodneſs,
I've heard a ſtory lately much diſturbs me.

Acaſt. Then firſt charge her; and if the offence be found
Within my reach, tho' it ſhou'd touch my Nature,
In my own Off-ſpring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave Father whom my heart rejoyc'd in,
I'd proſecute it with ſevereſt Vengeance.

Cham. I thank you from my Soul.

Mon, Alas, my Brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuſe me?
My heart quakes in me; in your ſettled Face
And clouded Brow methinks I ſee my Fate:
You will not kill me!

Cham. Prithee, why doſt talk ſo?

Mon. Look kindly on me then, I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me;
My heart's ſo tender, ſhould you charge me rough
I ſhould but weep, and anſwer you with ſobbing,
But uſe me gently like a loving Brother,

And ſearch through all the Secrets of my Soul.

Cha. Fear nothing, I will ſhew my ſelf a Brother,
A tender, honeſt, and a loving Brother,
Y'ave not forgot our Father?

Mon. I ſhall never.

Cha. Then you'l remember too, he was a man
That liv'd up to the ſtandard of his Honour,
And priz'd that Jewel more then Mines of Wealth:
He'd not have done a ſhameful thing but once,
Though kept in darkneſs from the World, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himſelf;
This was the only Portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't, then if poſſeſt
Of all that ever Fortune threw on Fools,
'Twas a large Truſt, and muſt be manag'd nicely;
Now if by any chance *Monimia*,
You have ſoyl'd this Gem, and taken from it's value,
How will y' account with me?

Mon. I challenge Envy,
Malice, and all the Practices of Hell,
To cenſure all the Actions of my paſt
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!

Cha. I'll tell thee then; Three Nights ago, as I
Lay muſing in my Bed, all darkneſs round me,
A ſudden damp ſtruck to my heart, cold ſweat
Dew'd all my Face, and trembling ſeiz'd my Limbs,
My Bed ſhook under me, the Curtains ſtarted,
And to my tortur'd Fancy there appear'd
The form of Thee thus Beauteous as thou art,
Thy garments flowing looſe, and in each hand
A wanton Lover, which by turns careſs'd thee
With all the Freedom of unbounded pleaſure:
I ſnatch'd my Sword, and in the very Moment
Darted it at the Fantome, ſtraight it left me:
Then roſe and call'd for Lights, when, O Dire Omen!
I found my weapon had the Arras pierc'd,
Juſt where that famous tale was interwoven,
How th' unhappy *Theben* ſlew his Father.

Mon. And for this Cauſe my Virtue is ſuſpected!
Becauſe in Dreams your Fancy has been ridden,
I muſt be tortur'd waking!

Cha. Have a care,
Labour not to be juſtified too faſt,
Hear all, and then let Juſtice hold the ſcale;
What follow'd was the Riddle that confounds me;

Through

Through a close Lane, as I pursu'd my Journey,
And meditated on the last nights Vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hagg, with Age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to her self;
Her eyes with scalding Rheume were gall'd and red;
Cold palsie shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter'd Remnant of an old strip'd Hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her Carkess from the Cold,
So there was nothing of a-piece about her;
Her lower weeds were all o're coursely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness;
I askt her of my way, which she inform'd me;
Then crav'd my Charity, and bad me hasten
To save a Sister: At that word I started.

Mon. The common cheat of Beggars every day!
They flock about our doors, pretend to Gifts
Of Prophecy, and telling Fools their Fortunes.

Cha. Oh! But she told me such a Tale, *Monimia*,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth;
Castalio and *Polydor*, my Sister.

Mon. Hah!

Cha. What alter'd! does your courage fail you!
Now by my Father's Soul the Witch was honest;
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy Honour at a sordid Game.

Mon. I will,
I must; so hardly my Misfortune loads me,
That both have offer'd me their Loves most true.

Cha. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

Mon. Though they both with earnest Vows
Have prest my heart, if e're in thought I yielded
To any but *Castalio*!

Cha. But *Castalio*!

Mon. Still will you cross the Line of my Discourse!
Yes, I confess that he has won my Soul
By generous Love and honourable Vows,
Which he this day appointed to compleat,
And make himself by holy Marriage mine.

Cha. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserv'd
Thy Virtue white without a blot untainted?

Mon. When I'm unchast, may Heaven reject my Prayers!
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cha. Oh then, *Monimia*, art thou dearer to me

Than

Then all the Comforts ever yet bleſt man,
And let not Marriage bait thee to thy Ruine.
Truſt not a man; we are by Nature falſe,
Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel and unconſtant:
When a Man talks of Love, with caution truſt him;
But if he ſwears, he'l certainly deceive thee;
I charge thee let no more *Caſtalio* ſooth Thee.
Avoid it as thou would'ſt preſerve the peace
Of a poor Brother, to whoſe Soul th' art precious.

Mon. I will!

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as Great Ones
When Mer it begs, then ſhalt thou ſee how ſoon
His heart will cool, and his pains grow eaſie, [*Ex.* Cha.

Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him ſeverely;
For, oh *Caſtalio!* thou two much haſt wrong'd me,
In leaving me to *Polydor*'s ill uſage.
He comes, and now for once, oh Love ſtand Neuter,
Whilſt a hard part's perform'd! For I muſt tempt,
Wound his ſoft Nature, though my own Heart akes for't. [*Ex.*

Enter Caſtalio.

Caſt. Monimia, Monimia, ſhe's gone:
And ſeem'd to part with anger in her Eyes;
I am a Fool, and ſhe has found my Weakneſs;
She uſes me already like a Slave
Faſt bound in Chains to be chaſtis'd at will:
'Twas not well done to trifle with my Brother:
I might have truſted him with all the ſecret,
Open'd my ſilly heart and ſhewn it bare,
But then he loves her too; but not like me,
I am a doating honeſt Slave, deſign'd
For Bondage, Marriage bonds, which I've ſworn
To wear: it is the only thing I e're
Hid from his knowledge; and he'l ſure forgive
The firſt Tranſgreſſion of a wretched Friend
Betray'd to Love and all its little follies.

Enter Polydor, *and Page at the door.*

Pol. Here place your ſelf, and watch my Brother throughly:
If he ſhould chance to meet *Monimia*, make
Juſt obſervation of each word and action;
Paſs not one circumſtance without remark:
Sir, 'Tis your office, do't and bring me word. [*Ex.* Pol.

Enter

Enter Monimia.

Caſt. Monimia, My Angel, 'twas not kind
To leave me like a Turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the abſence of my Mate.
When thou art from me every Place is deſart,
And I, methinks, am Salvage and forlorn,
Thy Preſence only 'tis can make me bleſt,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my Soul.

Mon. Oh the bewitching Tongues of faithleſs men!
'Tis thus the falſe *Hyæna* makes her moan,
To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den;
Your Sex are ſo, ſuch falſe diſſemblers all,
With ſighs and plaints y'entice poor Womens hearts,
And all that pity you, are made your Prey.

Caſt. What means my Love? oh, how have I deſerv'd
This language from the Soveraign of my Joyes!
Stop, ſtop, thoſe Tears, *Monimia,* for they fall
Like baneful dew from a diſtempered Sky,
I feel 'em chill me to the very heart.

Mon. Oh, you are falſe, *Caſtalio,* moſt forlorn,
Attempt no farther to delude my Faith,
My heart is fixt, and you ſhall ſhake't no more.

Caſt. Who told you ſo? What Hell-bred Villain durſt
Prophane the Sacred Buſineſs of my Love?

Mon. Your Brother knowing on what tearms I'm here
Th' unhappy Object of your Father's Charity,
Licentiouſly diſcours'd to me of Love,
And durſt affront me with his brutal Paſſion.

Caſt. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I,
Falſe to my Brother and unjuſt to Thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,
Taxt me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.

Mon. And was your Love ſo very tame to ſhrink,
Or rather then loſe him, abandon me?

Caſt. I, knowing him precipitate and raſh,
To calm his heat and to conceal my Happineſs,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will;
Talkt as he talkt, and granted all he ask't;
Leſt he in Rage might have our Loves betray'd,
And I for ever had *Monimia,* loſt.

Mon. Could you then? did you, can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of your ſelf,

And I can never think you meant me fair.

Caſt. Is this *Monimia*? ſurely no! till now
I ever thought her Dove like, ſoft, and kind.
Who truſts his Heart with Woman's ſurely loſt:
You were made Fair on purpoſe to undo us,
Whilſt greedily we ſnatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne're diſtruſt the poyſon that it hides.

Mon. When Love ill plac'd would find a means to break.

Caſt. It never wants pretences nor excuſe.

Mon. Man wherefore was a Lord like Creature made,
Rough as the winds, and as inconſtant too;
A lofty Aſpect given him for command,
Eaſily ſoftn'd, when he would betray:
Like conquering Tyrants, you our Breaſts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forrage for a while,
But ſoon you find new conqueſts out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and waſte.
If ſo, *Caſtalio*, you have ſerv'd my heart,
I find that Deſolation's ſettled there,
And I ſhall ne're recover Peace again.

Caſt. Who can hear this and bear an equal mind!
Since you will drive me from you, I muſt go;
But, oh *Monimia*, when th' haſt baniſht me,
No creeping ſlave, though tractable and dull,
As artful Woman for her ends would chuſe,
Shall never dote as I have done: For oh!
No Tongue my Pleaſure nor my Pain can tell:
'Tis Heav'n to have Thee, and without thee Hell.

Mon. Caſtalio! ſtay! we muſt not part. I find
My Rage ebbs out, and Love flows in apace;
Theſe little Quarrels Love muſt needs forgive,
They rouſe up drowſie thoughts, and wake my Soul.
Oh! charm me with the Muſick of thy Tongue,
I'm ne're ſo bleſt, as when I hear thy Vows,
And liſten to the Language of thy Heart.

Caſt. Where am I! ſurely Paradiſe is round me!
Sweets planted by the hand of Heaven grow here,
And every Senſe is full of thy Perfection.
To hear thee ſpeak might calm a mad mans Frenzy,
Till by attention he forgot his ſorrows;
But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,
Might make him rage again with Love, as I do.
To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, oh!
Thou Nature's whole perfection in one piece!
Sure framing the Heav'n took unuſual care,

As its own Beauty it design'd thee Fair;
And form'd thee by the best lov'd Angel there. [Ex.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Polydor, *and Page.*

Pol. WEre they so kind? Expresi it to me all
In words, 'twill make me think I saw it too.
Pag. At first I thought they had been mortal Foes;
Monimia rag'd, *Castalio* grew disturb'd,
Each thought the other wrong'd, yet both so haughty,
They scorn'd submission, though Love all the while
The Rebel plaid, and scarce could be contain'd.
Pol. But what succeeded?
Pag. Oh 'twas wounderous pretty!
For of a sudden all the Storm was past,
A gentle calm of Love succeeded it;
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd, *Castalio* swore;
As you, My Lord, I well remember, did
To my young Sister in the Orenge Grove,
When I was first preferr'd to be your Page.
Pol. Happy *Castalio!* Now, by my Great Soul,
M'ambitious Soul, that Languishes to Glory,
I'll have her yet, by my best hopes I will.
She shall be mine in spight of all her Arts.
But for *Castalio* why was I refus'd?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play,
Traduc'd my Honour? Death! he durst not do't.
It must be so: we parted, and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me, surpriz'd
Her sinking Vertue till she yielded quite:
So Poachers basely pick up tir'd Game,
Whilst the fair Hunter's cheated of his Prey.
Boy!
Pag. My Lord!
Pol. Go to your Chamber and prepare your Lute;
Find out some Song to please me, that describes
Womens Hypocrisie, their subtile wiles,
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies,
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds,
The sum of all their follies, and their falshoods.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh the unhappiest Tydings Tongue e're told!

Pol. The matter!

Serv. Oh! your Father, my good Master,
As with his Guests he let in mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the Gobling round the joyful Board,
A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs;
His Eyes distorted grew; His Visage pale!
His speech forsook him; Life it self seem'd fled,
And all his Friends are waiting now about him.

Enter Acasto *leaning on Two.*

Acast. Support me, give me Air, I'll yet recover,
'Twas but a slip decaying Nature made,
For she grows weary near her Journeys end.
Where are my Sons? come near, my *Polydor*,
Your Brother! where's *Castalio*?

Serv. My Lord,
I've sarch'd, as you commanded, all the house,
He or *Monimia* are not to be found.

Acast. Not to found, then where are all my Friends? 'tis well,
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
M'unmannerly infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome hour,
For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and methinks
Would live and dye with all Friends about me.

Enter Castalio.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest Fathers Life,
Bless it with long and uninterrupted days!
Oh! may he live till time it self decay,
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!

Acast. Thank you, *Castalio*; give me both your hands,
And bear me up, I'd walk; So, now methinks
I appear as great as *Hercules* himself,
Supported by the Pillars he had rais'd.

Cast. My Lord, your Chaplain.

Acast. Let the good man enter.

Chap. Heaven guard your Lordship and restore your health!

Acast. I have provided for thee if I dye,
No fawning! 'tis a scandal to thy Office,
My Sons, as thus united ever live,

And for the Eſtate, you'll find when I am dead
I have divided it betwixt you both
Equally parted, as you ſhared my love;
Only to ſweet *Monimia*, I've bequeath'd
Then thouſand Crowns, a little Portion for her,
To wed her honourable as ſhe's born.
Be not leſs Friends becauſe you're Brothers; ſhun
The man that's ſingular, his minds unſound,
His Spleen o're-weighs his Brains, but above all
Avoid the politick, the factious Fool,
The buſie, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave;
The quaint ſmooth Rogue, that ſins againſt his Reaſon;
Calls ſawcy loud Suſpicition, publick Zeal,
And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit:
Be very careful how ye make new Friends,
Men read not Morals now, 'twas a Cuſtom,
But all are to their Father's Vices born:
And in their Mothers Ignorance are bred.
Let Marriage be the laſt mad thing ye do,
For all the Sins and follies of the paſt.
If you have Children, never give them knowledge,
'Twill ſpoil their Fortune, Fools are all the faſhion.
If y'ave Religion, keep it to your ſelves,
Atheiſts will elſe make uſe of Toleration,
And laugh ye out on't, never ſhew Religion
Except ye mean to paſs for Knaves of Conſcience,
And cheat believing Fools that think ye honeſt.

Serin. My Father!

Acaſt. My heart's Darling!

Serina. Let my Knees
Fix to the Earth. Ne're let my Eyes have reſt,
But wake and weep till Heaven reſtore my Father!

Acaſt. Riſe to my Arms, and thy kind prayers are anſwer'd.
For thou'rt a woundrous extract of all Goodneſs,
Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near thee.
Chamont!

Cham. My Lord may't prove not an unlucky Omen!
Many I ſee are waiting round about you:
And I am come to ask a Bleſſing too,

Acaſt. May'ſt thou be happy!

Cham. Where?

Acaſt. In all thy wiſhes!

Cham. Confirm me ſo, and make this Fair One mine,
I am unpractis'd in the Trade of Courtſhip;
And know not how to deal Love out with Art.

On-

Onſets in Love ſeem beſt like thoſe in War,
Fierce, reſolute, and none with all the force,
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my Soul.

Acaſt. What ſays *Serina*? canſt thou love a Souldier?
One born to Honour and to Honour bred;
One that has learnt to treat ev'n Foes with kindneſs;
To wrong no good man's Fame, nor praiſe himſelf.

Serin. Oh! name not Love, for that's ally'd to joy,
And joy muſt be a ſtranger to my heart,
When you're in danger. May *Chamont*'s good Fortune
Render him lovely to ſome happier Maid!
Whilſt I at Friendly diſtance ſee him bleſt,
Praiſe the kind Gods, and wonder at his Vertues.

Acaſt. Chamont, purſue her, conquer and poſſeſs her,
And, as my Son, a third of all my Fortune
Shall be thy Lot.
But keep thy Eyes from wandring man of frailty,
Beware the dangerous Beauty of the wanton,
Shun their enticements; Ruin like a Vulture
Waits on their Conqueſts: Falſehood too's their buſineſs,
They put falſe Beauty off to all the World;
Uſe falſe endearments to the Fools that love 'em,
And when they marry to their ſilly Husbands,
They bring falſe Vertue, broken Fame, and Fortune.

Mon. Hear ye that, my Lord?

Polyd. Yes, my fair Monitor, old men always talk thus.

Acaſt. Chamont, you told me of ſome doubts that preſt you.
Are you yet ſatisfied that I am your Friend?

Cham. My Lord, I would not loſe that ſatisfaction
For any bleſſing I could wiſh for.
As to my tears already I have loſt 'em;
They ne're ſhall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acaſt. I thank you, Daughter you muſt do ſo too.
My Friends, 'tis late,
For my diſorder ſeems all paſt and over,
And I methinks begin to feel new health.

Caſt. Would you but reſt, it might reſtore you quite.

Acaſt. Yes, I'll to Bed; old men muſt humour weakneſs.
Let me have Muſick then to lull and chaſe
This melancholy thought of Death away.
Good-night! my Friends, Heaven guard ye all! good-night!
To morrow early we'll ſalute the day,
Find out new pleaſures, and redeem loſt time,

[*Ex. all but* Chamont *and* Chaplain.

Cham.

Cham. Hiſt, hiſt, Sir *Gravity*, a word with you.
Chap. With me, Sir?
Cham. If you're at leaſure, Sir? we'll waſte an hour,
'Tis yet too ſoon to ſleep, and 'twill be Charity
To lend your Converſation to a Stranger.
Chap. Sir, you are a Souldier?
Cham. Yes.
Chap. I love a Souldier,
And had been one my ſelf, but my Parents
Would make me what you ſee of me, yet I am honeſt
For all I wear black.
Cham. And that's a wonder,
Have you had long dependance on this Family?
Chap. I have not thought it ſo, becauſe, my time's
Spent pleaſently, My Lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimſical, he has good Nature,
And I have manners;
His Son's too are civil to me, becauſe
I do not pretend to be wiſer then they are;
I meddle with no man's buſineſs but my own;
I riſe in a morning early, ſtudy moderately,
Eat and drink chearfully, live ſoberly,
Take my innocent pleaſures freely,
So meet with reſpect, and am not the jeſt of the Family.
Cham. I'm glad you are ſo happy:
A pleaſant fellow this, and may be uſeful.
Knew you my Father the old *Chamont*?
Chap. I did, and was moſt ſorry when we loſt him.
Cham. Why? didſt thou love him?
Chap. Every body lov'd him; beſides he was my Maſters Friend.
Cham. I could embrace thee for that very Notion.
If thou didſt love my Father, I could think
Thou wouldſt not be an Enemy to me.
Chap. I can be no man's Foe.
Cham. Then prithee tell me;
Think'ſt thou the Lord *Caſtalio* loves my Siſter?
Nay, never ſtart. Come, come, I know thy Office
Opens thee all the Secrets of the Family.
Then if thou art honeſt, uſe this Freedom kindly.
Chap. Love your Siſter!
Cham. Ay, Love her.
Chap. Sir, I never askt him,
And wonder you ſhould ask it me.
Cham. Nay, but th'art an Hypocrite, is there not one
Of all thy Tribe that's honeſt in your Schools?

The

The pride of your Superiours makes ye Slaves:
Ye all live loathſom ſneaking ſervile lives;
Not free enough to practiſe generous Truth,
Though ye pretend to teach it to the World.

Chap. I would deſerve a better thought from you.

Cham. If thou would'ſt have me not contemn thy Office
And Character, think all thy Brethren Knaves,
Thy Trade a Cheat, and thou its worſt Profeſſour;
Inform me; for I tell thee, Prieſt, I'll know.

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wronged her.

Cham. How wrong'd her? have a care: For this may lay
A Scene of miſchief to undo us all.
But tell me, wrong'd her, ſaid'ſt thou?

Chap. Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a ſecret worth a Monarch's Fortune:
What ſhall I give thee for't! thou dear Phyſician
Of ſickly Souls unfold this Riddle to me,
And comfort mine——

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly,

Cham. Nay, then again thou'rt honeſt. Would'ſt thou tell me?

Chap. Yes, if I durſt.

Cham. Why what affrights thee?

Chap. You do,
Who are not to be truſted with the Secret,

Cham. Why, I am no Fool.

Chap. So indeed you ſay.

Cham. Prithee, be ſerious then.

Chap. You ſee I am ſo,
And hardly ſhall be mad enough to Night,
To truſt you with my Ruine.

Cham. Art thou then
So far concern'd in't? What has been the Office?
Curſe on that formal ſteady Villains Face!
Juſt ſo do all Bawds look; Nay, Bawds, they ſay!
Can pray upon occaſions, talk of Heav'n,
Turn up their Gogling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,
Diſſemble, lye, and preach like any Prieſt.
Art thou a Bawd?

Chap. Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.

Cham. Be juſt then.

Chap. So I be to the truſt
That's laid upon me.

Cham. By the reverenc'd Soul
Of that Great honeſt man that gave me Being,
Tell me but what thou know'ſt concerns my Honour,

And

And if I e're reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good Sword ne're do me right in Battle!
May I ne're know that bleſſed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and Pious men like thee!

Chap. I ſee your temper's mov'd, and I will truſt you.

Cham. Wilt thou?

Chap. I will; but if it ever 'ſcape you——

Cham. It never ſhall.

Chap. Swear then.

Cham. I do by all
That's dear to me, by th' Honour of my Name,
And that Power I ſerve, it never ſhall.

Chap. Then this good day, when all the houſe was buſie,
When mirth and kind rejoycing fill'd each Room,
As I was walking in the Grove I met them.

Cham. What met them in the Grove together? tell me.
How? walking, ſtanding, ſitting, lying? hah!

Chap. I by their own appointment met them there,
Receiv'd their Marriage Vows, and joyn'd their hands.

Cham. How! married!

Chap. Yes, Sir.

Cham. Then my Soul's at peace:
But why would you delay ſo long to give it?

Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find
With old *Acaſto*, may be I was two Cautious
To truſt the ſecret from me.

Cham. What's the cauſe
I cannot gueſs, though 'tis my Siſter's Honour.
I do not like this Marriage
Hudl'd i'the dark and done at too much Venture:
The buſineſs looks with an unlucky Face.
Keep ſtill the ſecret for it ne're ſhall 'ſcape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new match't Pair. Farewel.
Believe my Truth and know me for thy Friend.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſtalio, *and* Monimia.

Caſt. Young *Chamont*, and the Chaplain! ſure 'tis they!
No matter what's contriv'd or who conſulted,
Since my *Monimia's* mine; tho' this ſad Look
Seems no good boading Omen to her Bliſs,
Elſe, prithee, tell me why that Look caſt down?
Why that ſad ſigh as if thy heart were breaking?

Mon. Caſtalio, I am thinking what we've done.

The Heavenly Powers were ſure diſpleas'd to day!
For at the Ceremony as we ſtood,
And as your Hand was kindly joyn'd with mine,
As the good Prieſt pronounc'd the Sacred Words,
Paſſion grew bigg and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling ſeiz'd my Soul.
What ſhould that mean?

Caſt. Oh thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind, as ſympathizing Nature!
When a ſad ſtory has been told, I've ſeen
Thy little Breaſts with ſoft Compaſſion ſwell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds;
But now let fear be baniſht, think no more
Of danger, for there's ſafety in my Arms;
Let them receive thee: Heav'n, grow jealous now,
Sure ſhe's too good for any Mortal Creature!
I could grow wild, and praiſe thee ev'n to madneſs.
But wherefore do I dally with my Bliſs?
The Night's far ſpent and Day draws on apace;
To Bed my Love and wake till I come thither.

Pol. So hot my Brother? [Polydore *at the Door.*

Mon. 'Twill be impoſſible:
You know your Father's Chamber's next to mine,
And the leaſt noiſe will certainly alarm him.

Caſt. Impoſſible? impoſſible? alas!
Is't poſſible to live one hour without thee?
Let me behold thoſe Eyes; they'l tell me truth.
Haſt thou no longing? Art thou ſtill the ſame
Cold Icy Virgin, No; th'art alter'd quite.
Haſte, haſte to Bed, and let looſe all thy wiſhes.

Mon. 'Tis but one Night, my Lord, I pray be rul'd.

Caſt. Try if th'aſt Power to ſtop a flowing Tide,
Or in a Tempeſt make the Seas be Calm;
And when that's done I'll Conquer my deſires.
No more, my Bleſſing. What ſhall be the ſign?
When ſhall I come? For to my Joys I'll ſteal,
As if I ne're had paid my Freedom for them.

Mon. Juſt three ſoft ſtroaks upon the Chamber door.
And at that Signal you ſhall gain Admittance:
But ſpeak not the leaſt word, for if you ſhould,
'Tis ſurely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Caſt. Oh! doubt it not *Monmia*, our Joyes
Shall be as ſilent as the Extatick bliſs
Of Souls, that by intelligence converſe:
Immortal pleaſures ſhall our ſenſes drown.

Thought

Thought ſhall be loſt, and ev'ry Pow'r diſſolv'd:
Away, my Love; firſt take this kiſs. Now haſte.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute paſt.
[*Ex.* Mon.

My Brother wandring too ſo late this way!
Pol. Caſtalio!
Caſt. My *Polydore*, how doſt thou?
How does Our Father? is he well recover'd?
Pol. I left him happily repos'd to Reſt;
He's ſtill as gay as if his life were young.
But how does fair *Monimia*?
Caſt. Doubtleſs well.
A Cruel Beauty with her Conqueſs pleas'd
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.
Pol. Is ſhe the ſame *Monimia* ſtill ſhe was?
May we not hope ſhe's made of mortal Mould?
Caſt. She's not Woman elſe:
Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
W'ave in a barren deſart ſtray'd too long.
Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And Loves ſweet Manna cover all the field.
Met ye to day?
Caſt. No, ſhe has ſtill avoided me,
Her Brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting ſomething to my Father.
I wiſh I'd never medled with the matter,
And would enjoyn thee *Polydor*——
Pol. To what?
Caſt. To leave this Peeviſh Beauty to her ſelf.
Pol. What quit my Love? as ſoon I'd quit my Poſt
In fight, and like a Coward run away.
No, by my Stars I'll chaſe her till ſhe yields
To me, or meets her Reſcue in Another.
Caſt. Nay ſhe has Beauty that might ſhake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and ſet the World at odds;
But I have wondrous Reaſons on my ſide,
That would perſwade thee, were they known.
Pol. Then ſpeak 'em.
What are they? Came ye to her Window here
To learn 'em now? *Caſtalio* have a care;
Uſe honeſt dealing with your Friend and Brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my Love ſo blinded,
But can diſcern your purpoſe to abuſe me,
Quit your pretences to her.
Caſt. Grant I do,

You love Capitulations, *Polydor*,
And but upon conditions would oblige me.
Pol. You ſay, you've Reaſons. Why are they concealed?
Caſt. To morrow I may tell you,
It is a matter of ſuch Circumſtance,
As I muſt well Conſult e're I reveal:
But, prithee, ceaſe to think I would abuſe thee,
Till more be known.
Pol. When you, *Caſtalio*, ceaſe
To meet *Monimia* unknown to me,
And then deny it ſlaviſhly, I'll ceaſe
To think *Caſtalio* faithleſs to his Friend.
Did I not ſee your part that very moment.
Caſt. It ſeems you've watch't me then?
Pol. I ſcorn the Office.
Caſt. Prithee, avoid a thing thou may'ſt repent.
Pol. That is henceforward making Leagues with you.
Caſt. Nay, if y'are angry, *Polydor*, good Night.
Pol. Good Night, *Caſtalio*, if y'are in ſuch haſte.
He little thinks I've overheard th' Appointment:
But to his Chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take poſſeſſion of my Love.
This is the utmoſt Point of all my Hopes,
Or now ſhe muſt or never can be mine,
Oh! for a means now how to Counterplot
And diſappoint this happy Elder Brother.
In every thing we do, or undertake,
He ſoars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the ſtart he got of me in Birth.
Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Pag. My Lord!
Pol. Come hither Boy.
Thou haſt a pretty forward Lying face,
And may'ſt in time expect preferment, canſt thou
Pretend to ſecreſie, Cajole and flatter
Thy Maſters follies and aſſiſt his pleaſures?
Pag. My Lord I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful Boy.
Command, what e're's your Pleaſure I'll obſerve.
Be it to run, or to watch; or to convey
A Letter to a Beauteous Lady's Boſom;
At leaſt I am not dull, and ſoon ſhould learn.

Pol.

Pol. 'Tis pity then thou ſhould'ſt not be employ'd:
Go to my Brother, he's in's Chamber now
Undreſſing and preparing for his reſt,
Find out ſome means to keep him up a while,
Tell him a pretty Story that may pleaſe
His Ear: Invent a Tale, no matter what
If he ſhould ask of me, tell him I'm gon e
To Bed, and ſent you there to know his pleaſure,
Whether he'l Hunt to Morrow. Well ſaid *Polydore*;
Diſſemble with thy Brother. That's one Point;
But do not leave him till he's in his Bed;
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow, and do not quit him, but ſeem fond
To do him little Offices of Service.
Perhaps at laſt it may offend him; then
Retire and wait till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Pag. Doubt not, my Lord: he has been always kind
To me; would often ſet me on his knees;
Then give me Sweet-Meats, call me pretty Boy,
And askt me what the Maids talkt of at Nights.

Pol. Run quickly then, and proſperous be thy Wiſhes.

[*Ex. Page.*

Here I'm alone and fit for miſchief; now,
To cheat this Brother wilt be honeſt, that
I heard the Sing ſhe order'd him to give.
Oh for the Art of *Proteus* but to change
The happy *Polydor* to bleſt *Caſtalio*!
She's not ſo well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her Arms as well as he.
Then when I'm happily poſſeſt of more
Than Senſe can think, all looſen'd into Joy,
To hear my diſappointed Brother come,
And give the unregarded Signal; Oh!
What a malicious pleaſure will that be!
Juſt three ſoft ſtroaks againſt the Chamber door:
But ſpeak not the leaſt word, for if you ſhould,
It is ſurely heard, and we are both betray'd.
How I adore a Miſtreſs that contrives
With care to lay the buſineſs of her Joyes!
One that has wit to charm the very Soul,
And give a double reliſh to delight!
Bleſt Heav'n, aſſiſt me but in this dear hour,
And my kind Stars be but propitious now,
Diſpoſe of me hereafter as you pleaſe.

Monimia!

Monimia! Monimia! [*Gives the ſign.*

(*Maid at the Window.*) Whoe's there?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Maid. my Lord *Caſtilio?*

Pol. The ſame.

How does my Love, my Dear *Monimia?*

Maid. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay,
You've ſtaid ſo long that at each little Noiſe
The Wind but makes, ſhe asks if you are coming.

Poll. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be open'd.

[*Maid Deſcends.*

Now boaſt, *Caſtalio*, triumph now and tell
Thy ſelf ſtrange ſtories of a promis'd Bliſs. [*The Door unbolts.*
It opens, hah! what means my trembling fleſh!
Limbs, do your Office and ſupport me well.
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

Enter Caſtilio, *and Page.*

Pag. Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely Morning,
Pray let us hunt.

Caſt. Go you're an Idle Prattler,
I'll ſtay at home to morrow, if your Lord
Thinks fit, he may command my Hounds: go leave me,
I muſt go to Bed.

Pag. I'll wait upon your Lordſhip,
If you think fit, and ſing you to repoſe.

Caſt. No, my kind Boy, the night is too far waſted,
My Senſes too are quite diſrob'd of thought,
And ready all with me to go to reſt.
Good night: commend me to my Brother.

Pag. Oh!
You never heard the laſt new Song I learn't;
It is the fineſt, prettieſt Song indeed,
Of my Lord and my Lady, you know who, that were caught
Together, you know where, My Lord, indeed it is.

Caſt. You muſt be whipt, Youngſter, if you get ſuch
Songs as thoſe are. What means
This Boys impertinence to Night?

Pag. Why, what muſt I Sing, pray, my dear Lord?

Caſt. Pſalms, Child, Pſalms.

Pag. Oh dear me! Boys that go to School learn Pſalms, but Pages that are better bred Sing Lampoons.

Caſt. Well, leave me, I'm weary.

Pag.

Pag. Oh! but you promis'd me laſt time I told you what
Colour my Lady *Monimia*'s ſtockings were of, and that
She garter'd them above Knee, that you would give me a little
Horſe to go a hunting upon, ſo you did. I'll tell you no more
Stories, except you keep your word with me.

Caſt. Well, go, you Trifler, and to morrow ask me.

Pag. Indeed my Lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Caſt. Why, were thou inſtructed to attend me?

Pag. No, no, indeed, indeed, my Lord, I was not;
But I know what I know.

Caſt. What doſt thou know? Death! what can all this mean?

Pag. Oh! I know who loves ſome body.

Caſt. What's that to me, Boy?

Pag. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Caſt. That is a wonder, prithee tell it me.

Pag. That—tis—I know who—but will
You give me the Horſe then?

Caſt. I will, my Child.

Pag. It is my Lady *Monimia*, look you, but don't you
Tell her I told you, She'll give me no more play things then.
I heard her ſay ſo as ſhe lay a bed, Man.

Caſt. Talkt ſhe of me when in her bed, *Cordelio*?

Pag. Yes, and I ſung her the Song you made too.
And ſhe did ſo ſigh, and ſo look with her Eyes;
And her Breaſts did ſo lift up and down; I could have found
In my Heart to have beat 'em, for they made me aſham'd.

Caſt. Hearк, what's that Noiſe?
Take this, be gone, and leave me. [*Ex. Page.*
You Knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.
Surely it was a Noiſe. Hiſt—only Fancy.
For all is huſht, as Nature were retir'd,
And the perpetual Motion ſtanding ſtill:
So much ſhe from her work appears to ceaſe,
And every warring Element's at peace,
All the wild Herds are in their Coverts coucht;
The Fiſhes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,
And to the murmers of the Waters ſleep;
The feeling Ayr's at reſt and feels no noiſe,
Except of ſome ſoft Breaths among the Trees,
Rocking the harmleſs Birds that reſt upon 'em.
'Tis now that guided by my Love I go,
To take Poſſeſſion of *Monimia*'s Arms,
Sure *Polydor*'s by this time gone to Bed.
At Midnight thus the Uſ'rer ſteals untract,
To make a Viſit to his hoarded Gold,

And

And Feaſt his Eyes upon the ſhining Mammon: [*Knocks.*
She hears me not, ſure ſhe already ſleeps.
Her wiſhes could not brook my ſo long Delay,
And her poor Heart has beat it ſelf to reſt. [*Knocks again.*
Monimia! my Angel——hah——not yet——
How long's the ſofteſt Moment of delay
To a Heart Impatient of it's pangs like mine,
In ſight of eaſe and panting to the Goal. [*Knocks again.*
Once more—

Maid. Who's there,
That comes thus rudely to diſturb our Reſt?

Caſt. 'Tis *I.*

Maid. Who are you, what's your Name?

Caſt. Suppoſe
The Lord *Caſtalio.*

Maid. I know you not.
The Lord *Caſtalio* has no buſineſs here.

Caſt. Hah! have a care, what can this mean!
Who e're thou art, *I* charge thee to *Monimia* fly;
Tell her *I'm* here, and wait upon my doom.

Maid. Who e're ye are, you may repent this outrage,
My Lady muſt not be diſturb'd. Good Night!

Caſt. She muſt, tell her ſhe ſhall, go *I'm* in haſte,
And bring her tydings from the State of Love,
Th'are all in conſultation met together,
How to reward my Truth, and Crown her Vows.

Maid. Sure the man's mad.

Caſt. Or this will make me ſo,
Obey me, or by all the wrongs *I* ſuffer,
I'll ſcale the Window and come in by force,
Let the ſad Conſequence be what it will,
This Creatures trifling folly makes me mad.

Maid. My Lady's anſwer is, you may depart,
She ſays ſhe knows you: You are *Polydor*
Sent by *Caſtalio* as you were to day,
T'affront and do her violence again.

Caſt. I'll not believ't.

Maid. you may Sir.

Caſt. Curſes blaſt thee!

Maid. Well 'tis a fine cool Evening, and *I* hope
May cure the raging Feaver in your Blood.
Good night!

Caſt. And farewel all that's juſt in Woman!
This is contriv'd, a ſtudied Trick to abuſe
My eaſie Nature, and torment my mind;

Sure

Sure now ſh'has bound me faſt, and means to Lord it,
To rein me hard, and ride me at her will,
Till by degrees ſhe ſhape me into Fool
For all her future uſes. Death and Torment!
'Tis impudence to think my Soul will bear it.
Oh I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my hair:
'Tis well, *Monimia*, that the Empire's ſhort;
Let but to morrow, but to morrow come,
And try if all thy Arts appeaſe my wrong;
Till when be this deteſted place my Bed, [*Lies down.*
Where I will ruminate on Womans Ills,
Laugh at my ſelf, and curſe th' inconſtant Sex.
Faithleſs *Monimia*! Oh *Monimia*!

Enter Erneſto.

Erneſto. Either
My Senſe has been deluded, or this way
I heard the ſound of ſorrow, 'tis late night,
And none, who's mind's at Peace, would wander now.
Caſt. Who's there?
Ern. A Friend.
Caſt. If thou art ſo, retire,
And leave this place, for I would be alone.
Ern. Caſtalio! My Lord, why in this poſture,
Stretch'd on the Ground? Your honeſt true old Servant,
Your poor *Erneſto* cannot ſee you thus;
Riſe I beſeech you.
Caſt. If thou art *Erneſto*,
As by thy honeſty thou ſeems to be,
Once leave me to my folly.
Ern. I can't leave you,
And not the reaſon know of your diſorders.
Remember how when young in my Arms
Have often born you, pleas'd you in your pleaſures,
And ſought an early ſhare in your Affection.
Do not diſcard me now, but let me ſerve you.
Caſt. Thou canſt not ſerve me.
Ern. Why?
Caſt. Becauſe my thoughts
Are full of Woman, thou poor Wretch are paſt 'em.
Ern. I hate the Sex.
Caſt. Then I'm thy Friend, *Erneſto*. [*Riſes.*
I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman,
Woman the fountain of all Humane Frailty!

What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capital? A Woman.
Who loſt *Mark Anthony* the World? A Woman.
Who was the Cauſe of a long ten years War,
And laid at laſt *Old Troy* in Aſhes? Woman.
Deſtructive, damnable, deceitful, Woman.
Woman to Man firſt as a Bleſſing giv'n,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime,
Happy a while in Paradiſe they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go aſtray,
Some fooliſh new Adventure needs muſt prove,
And the firſt Devil ſhe ſaw, ſhe chang'd her Love,
To his Temptations lewdly ſhe inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Acaſto *ſolus.*

Acaſt. BLeſt be the Morning that has brought me health,
A happy reſt has ſoftned pain away,
And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well.
A heavy melancholly clogs my heart,
I droop and ſigh I know not why: Dark Dreams,
Sick Fancy's Children have been overbuſie,
And all the Night plaid Farces in my Brains;
Methought I heard the Midnight Raven cry;
Wak'd with th'imagin'd Noiſe, my Curtains ſeem'd
To ſtart, and at my Feet my Sons appear'd
Like Ghoſts, all pale and ſtiff: I ſtrove to ſpeak,
But could not; ſuddenly the Forms were loſt,
And ſeem'd to vaniſh in a bloody Cloud;
'Twas odd, and for the preſent ſhook my thoughts;
But was th'effect of my diſtemper'd blood;
And when the Health's diſturb'd, the Mind's unruly.

Enter Polydor.

Good Morning, *Polydor.*

Pol. Heaven keep your Lordſhip.

Acaſt. Have you yet ſeen *Caſtalio* to day?

Pol. My Lord, 'tis early day, he's hardly riſen.

Acaſt.

Acaſt. Go, call him up, and meet me in the Chappel.

[*Ex.* Pol.

I cannot think all has gone well to Night;
For as I waking lay (and ſure my ſenſe
Was then my own) methought I heard my Son
Caſtalio's Voice; but it ſeem'd low and mournful,
Under my Window too I thought I heard it;
M'untoward fancy could not be deceiv'd
In every thing; and I will ſearch the truth out.

Enter Monimia, *and her Maid.*

Already up *Monimia!* you roſe
Thus early ſurely to out-ſhine the Day!
Or was there any thing that croſt your reſt!
They were naughty thoughts that wou'd not let you ſleep.

Mon. Whatever are my thoughts, my Lord, I've learnt
By your Example to correct their Ills,
And Morn, and Evening, give up th'Account.

Acaſt. Your Pardon, Sweet one, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are ſo good I could not.
Though I'm deceiv'd, or you are more fair to Day;
For Beauty's heighten'd in your Cheeks, and all
Your Charms ſeem up, and ready in your Eyes.

Mon. The little ſhare I have's ſo very mean,
That it may eaſily admit Addition;
Though you, my Lord, ſhould moſt of all beware
To give it too much praiſe, and make me proud.

Acaſt. Proud of an Old Mans praiſes! No, *Monimia!*
But if my Prayers can do you any good,
Thou ſhalt not want the largeſt ſhare of 'em:
Heard you no Noiſe to Night?

Mon. Noiſe! my good Lord!

Acaſt. Ay! about Midnight.

Mon. Indeed, my Lord, I don't remember any.

Acaſt. You muſt ſure! went you early to reſt?

Mon. About the wonted hour. Why this Enquiry? [*Aſide.*

Acaſt. And went your Maid to bed too?

Mon. My Lord, I gueſs ſo;
I've ſeldom known her diſobey my Orders.

Acaſt. Sure Goblings then, Fairyes haunt the dwelling;
I'll have inquiry made through all the Houſe.
But I'll find out the Cauſe of theſe Diſorders.
Good Day to thee, *Monimia*—I'll to Chappel. [*Ex.* Acaſto.

Mon. I'll but diſpatch ſome orders to my Woman,

And wait upon your Lordſhip there:
I fear the Prieſt has plaid us falſe; if ſo,
My Poor *Caſtalio* loſes all for me;
I wonder though, he made ſuch haſte to leave me!
Was't not unkind, *Florella*! ſurely 'twas!
He ſcarce afforded one kind parting word,
But went away ſo cold: The kiſs he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd Complement of ſated Love.
Would I had never marry'd!

Maid. Why?

Mon. Methinks
The Scene's quite alter'd; I am not the ſame;
I've bound up for my ſelf a weight of Cares,
And how the burden will be born, none knows.
A Husband may be jealous, rigid, falſe;
And ſhould *Caſtalio* e're prove ſo to me;
So tender is my Heart, ſo nice my Love,
'Twould ruin, and diſtract my reſt for ever.

Maid. Madam, he's coming.

Mon. Where, *Florella*? where?
Is he returning? To my Chamber lead;
I'll meet him there: The Myſteries of our Love
Should be kept private, as Religious Rites,
From the unhallow'd View of Common Eyes.

[*Ex.* Mon. *and* Maid.

Enter Caſtalio.

Caſt. Wiſh'd Morning's come! And now upon the Plains
And diſtant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their Homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The luſty *Swain* comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
Of Healthful Viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content, and appetite he eats,
To follow in the Fields his daily Toil,
And dreſs the grateful Glebe, that yields him Fruits.
The Beaſts that under the Warm Hedges ſlept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
And looking towards the Neighb'ring Paſtures, raiſe
The Voice, and bid their fellow Brutes Good morrow:
The Chearful Birds too, on the tops of Trees,
Aſſemble all in Quires, and with their Notes
Salute and welcome up the riſing Sun.
There's no Condition ſure ſo curſt as mine;

I'm

I'm marry'd! 'Sdeath! I am ſped. How like a Dog
Lookt *Hercules*, thus to a Diſtaff chain'd?
Monimia! oh *Monimia!*

Enter Monimia, *and Maid.*

Mon. I come,
I fly to my ador'd *Caſtalio's* Arms,
My wiſhed Lord. May ever Morn begin
Like this; and with our Days our Loves renew.
Now I may hope y'are ſatisfy'd——
[*Looking languiſhingly on him.*

Caſt. I am
Well ſatisfy'd, that thou art——Oh——
Mon. What? ſpeak:
Art thou not well, *Caſtalio*? Come lean
Upon my Breaſts, and tell me where's thy pain.
Caſt. 'Tis here! 'tis in my Head; 'tis in my Heart,
'Tis every where; It rages like a madneſs;
And I moſt wonder how my Reaſon holds;
Nay, wonder not, *Monimia*, the Slave
You thought you had ſecur'd within my Breaſt,
Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
And now he walks there like a Lord at large.
Mon. Am I not then your Wife, your Lov'd *Monimia*?
I once was ſo, or I've moſt ſtrangely dream't.
What ayles my Love?
Caſt. What e're thy Dreams have been,
Thy waking thoughts ne're meant *Caſtalio* well.
No more, *Monimia*, of your Sexes Arts,
They are uſeleſs all: I'm not that pliant Tool,
That neceſſary Utenſil you'd make me,
I know my Charter better——I am Man,
Obſtinate Man; and will not be enſlav'd.
Mon. You ſhall not fear't: Indeed my Nature's eaſie;
I'll ever live your moſt obedient Wife,
Nor ever any priviledge pretend
Beyond your will; for that ſhall be my Law;
Indeed I will not.
Caſt. Nay, you ſhall not, Madam,
By yon bright Heaven, you ſhall not; all the day
I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forſake thee;
Till by Afflictions and continued Cares,
I've worn thee to a homely Houſehold Drudge;
Nay, if I've any too, thou ſhalt be made

Sub-

Subſervient to all my looſer pleaſures,
For thou haſt wrong'd *Caſtalio*.

Mon. No more:
Oh kill me here, or tell me my offence,
I'll never quit you elſe; but on theſe Knees,
Thus follow you all day, till th'are worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.

Caſtalio ——

Caſt. Away, laſt night, laſt Night.

Mon. It was our wedding Night.

Caſt. No more, forget it.

Mon. Why? do you then repent?

Caſt. I do.

Mon. Oh Heaven! ——
And will you leave me thus? help, help, *Florella*.

[*He draggs her to the Door, and breaks from her.*

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel Man.
Oh my heart breaks —— I'm dying, Oh —— ſtand off,
I'll not indulge this womans weakneſs; ſtill
Chaſt, and fomented, let my heart ſwell on,
Till with its injuries it burſt, and ſhake
With the Dire blow this Priſon to the Earth.

Maid. What ſad miſtake has been the cauſe of this?

Mon. Caſtalio: Oh! how often has he ſwore,
Nature ſhould change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
E're he would falſifie his Vows to me,
Make haſte, Confuſion, then: Sun loſe thy light,
And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth;
For my *Caſtalio*'s falſe ——

Maid. Unhappy Day!

Mon. Falſe as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather;
Cruel as Tygers o're their trembling prey.
I feel him in my breaſt, he tears my heart,
And at each ſigh he drinks the guſhing blood;
Muſt I be long in pain?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. In tears, *Monimia!*

Mon. Who e're thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd Deſpair.

Cham. Lift up thy Eyes, and ſee who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the ſtory of thy Wrongs; and then
See if my Soul has reſt till thou haſt juſtice.

Mon. My Brother!

Cham.

Cham. Yes, *Monimia*, if thou think'ſt
That I deſerve the Name, I am thy Brother.
Mon. Oh *Caſtalio*!
Cham. Hah!
Name me that Name again! My Soul's on fire
Till I know all: There's meaning in that Name.
I know he is thy Husband: Therefore truſt me.
With all the following truth ———
Mon. Indeed *Chamont*,
There's nothing in it but the fault of Nature:
I'm often thus ſeiz'd ſuddenly with grief,
I know not why.
Cham. You uſe me ill, *Monimia*;
And I might think with Juſtice moſt ſeverely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your Brother.
Mon. Truly I am not to blame: Suppoſe I'm fond,
And grieve, for what as much may pleaſe another:
Should I upbraid the deareſt Friend on Earth
For the firſt fault? you wou'd not do ſo: Wou'd you?
Cham. Not, if I'de cauſe to think it was a Friend.
Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing?
I ne're conceal'd my Soul from you before:
Bear with me now, and ſearch my wounds no farther,
For every probing pains me to the Heart.
Cham. 'Tis ſign there's danger in't, and muſt be prevented.
Where's your new Husband? Still that thought diſturbs you.
What, only anſwer me with tears? *Caſtalio*!
Nay, now they ſtream,
Cruel unkind *Caſtalio*! is't not ſo?
Mon. I cannot ſpeak, grief flows ſo faſt upon me,
It choaks and will not let me tell the cauſe.
Oh!
Cham. My *Monimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear,
As honour to my name: Dear as the light
To eyes but juſt reſtor'd, and heal'd of blindneſs.
Why wilt thou not repoſe within my Breaſt
The anguiſh that torments thee?
Mon. Oh! I dare not.
Cham. I have no Friend but thee: we muſt confide
In one another: Two unhappy Orphans,
Alas, we are; and when I ſee thee grieve,
Methinks it is a part of me that ſuffers.
Mon. Oh ſhouldſt thou know the cauſe of my lamenting,
I am ſatisfi'd, *Chamont*, that thou wouldſt ſcorn me;
Thou would'ſt deſpiſe the abject loſt *Monimia*,

No

No more wouldſt praiſe this Beauty; but
When in ſome Cell diſtracted, as I ſhall be,
The ſeeſt me lye; theſe unreguarded Locks
Matted like Furies Treſſes; my poor Limbs
Chain'd to the Ground, and ſtead of the delights
Which happy Lovers taſte, my Keeper's ſtripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a courſe wooden diſh
Of wretched ſuſtenance. When thou ſee'ſt me,
Prithee have Charity and pity for me.
Let me enjoy this thought.

Cham. Why wilt rack
My Soul ſo long, *Monimia*? Eaſe me quickly;
Or thou wilt run me into madneſs firſt.

Mon. Could you be ſecret?

Cham. Secret as the Grave.

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bounds? will you not do ſome raſh
And horrid miſchief? for indeed, *Chamont*,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
From a near Friend; from one that has my Soul
A Slave, and therefore treats it like a Tyrant.

Cham. I will be calm: but has *Caſtalio* wrong'd thee?
Has he already waſted all his Love?
What has he done? quickly; for I'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid Tale.

Mon. Oh! could you think it!

Cham. What?

Mon. I fear he'll kill me.

Cham. Hah!

Mon. Indeed *I* do, he's ſtrangely cruel to me,
Which if it laſts, I'm ſure muſt break my heart.

Cham. What has he done?

Mon. Moſt barbarouſly us'd me,
Nothing ſo kind as he, when in my Arms,
In thouſand Kiſſes, tender ſighs and joys,
Not to be thought again, the night was waſted,
At dawn of day, he roſe and left his Conqueſt.
But when we met, and *I* with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my wiſhes,
Oh then!

Cham. Go on!

Mon. He threw me from his Breaſt,
Like a deteſted ſin.

Cham. How!

Mon. As *I* hung too.

Upon

Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the cauſe,
He dragg'd me like a ſlave upon the Earth,
And had no pity on my Cries.

Cham. How! did he
Daſh thee diſdainfully away with ſcorn!

Mon. He did; And more I fear, will ne're be friends,
Though I ſtill love him with unbated Paſſion.

Cham. What, throw thee from him!

Mon. Yes, indeed he did.

Cham. So may this Arm
Throw him to the Earth, like a dead Dog deſpiſed;
Lameneſs and Leproſie, Blindneſs and Lunacy,
Poverty, Shame, Pride, and the name of Villain
Light on me, if, *Caſtalio*, I forgive thee.

Mon. Nay, now, *Chamont*, art thou unkind as he is?
Didſt thou not promiſe me thou would'ſt be calm?
Keep my diſgrace conceal'd? why ſhould'ſt thou kill him?
By all my Love this Arm ſhould do him Vengeance.
Alas, I love him ſtill, and though I ne're
Claſp him again within theſe longing Arms,
Yet bleſs him, bleſs him (Gods) where e're he goes.

Enter Acaſto.

Acaſt. Sure ſome ill Fate is towards me? in my houſe
I only meet with odneſs and diſorder;
Each Vaſſal has a wild diſtracted face;
And looks as full of buſineſs as a block-head
In times of danger: Juſt this very moment
I met *Caſtalio* too—

Cham. Then you met a Villain.

Acaſt. Hah!—

Cham. Yes, a Villain.

Acaſt Have a care, young Souldier,
How thou'rt too buſie with *Acaſto*'s Fame?
I have a Sword, my Arms good old Acquaintance.
Villain to thee—

Cham. Curſe on thy ſcandalous Age
Which hinders me to ruſh upon thy Throat,
And tear the Root up of that Curſed Bramble!

Acaſt. Ungratefull *Ruffian!* ſure my good old Friend
Was ne're thy Father; nothing of him's in thee:
What have I done in my unhappy Age,
To be thus us'd? I ſcorn to upbraid thee, Boy,
But I could put thee in remembrance——

Cham. Do.

Acaſt. I ſcorn it——

Cham. No, I'll calmly here the ſtory,
For I would fain know all, to ſee which Scale
Weighs moſt——Hah, is not that good old *Acaſto*?
What have I done? can you forgive this folly?

Acaſt. Why doſt thou ask it?

Cham. 'Twas the rude over-flowing
Of two much Paſſion; pray, my Lord, forgive me: [*Kneels.*

Acaſt. Mock me not, Youth, I can revenge a wrong.

Cham. I know it well, but for this thought of mine
Pity a mad man's frenzy, and forget it.

Acaſt. I will, but henceforth, prithee, be more kind. [*Raiſes him.*
Whence came the Cauſe?

Cham. Indeed I've been too blame,
But I'll learn better; for you've been my Father:
You've been her Father too—— [*Takes Mon. by the hand.*

Acaſt. Forbear the Prologue——
And let me know the ſubſtance of thy Tale.

Cham. You took her up a little tender Flower,
Juſt ſprouted on a Bank, which the next Froſt
Had nipt; and with a careful loving hand
Tranſplanted her into your own fair Garden,
Where the Sun always ſhines: there long ſhe flouriſh'd,
Grew ſweet to ſenſe, and Lovely to the eye,
Till at the laſt a Cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Roſe, and rifled all its ſweetneſs;
Then caſt it like a loathſome Weed away.

Acaſt. You talk to me in Parables, *Chamont*,
You may have known that I'm no wordy man,
Fine Speeches are the Inſtruments of Knaves
Or Fools, that uſe 'm, when they want good ſenſe;
But honeſty
Needs no Diſguiſe nor Ornament; Be plain.

Cham. Your Son——

Acaſt. I've two, and both I hope have honour.

Cham. I hope ſo too——but——

Acaſt. Speak.

Cham. I muſt inform you,
Once more *Caſtalio*——

Acaſt. Still, *Caſtalio*!

Cham. Yes,
Your Son *Caſtalio* has wrong'd *Monimia*.

Acaſt. Hah! wrong'd her?

Cham. Marry'd her.

Acaſt.

Acaſt. I'm ſorry for't.
Cham. Why ſorry?
By yon bleſt Heaven there's not a Lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart.
Acaſt. I'll not deny't.
Cham. You dare not by the Gods,
You dare not; all your Family combin'd
In one damn'd Falſehood to out-do *Caſtalio*,
Dare not deny't.
Acaſt. How has *Caſtalio* wrong'd her?
Cham. Ask that of him: I ſay, my Siſter's wrong'd;
Monimia my Siſter born as high
And noble as *Caſtalio*——Do her Juſtice,
Or by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature.
I'll do't; hark you, my Lord, your Son *Caſtalio*
Take him to your Cloſet, and there teach him manners.
Acaſt. You ſhall have Juſtice.
Cham. Nay——I will have Juſtice.
Who'll ſleep in ſafety that has done me wrong?
My Lord, I'll not diſturb you to repeat
The cauſe of this; I beg you (to preſerve
Your Houſes Honour) ask it of *Caſtalio.*
Acaſt. I will.
Cham. Till then farewel—— [*Ex.* Cham.
Acaſt. Farewel, proud Boy.
Monimia!
Mon. My Lord.
Acaſt. You are my Daughter.
Mon. I am, my Lord, if you'l vouchſafe to own me.
Acaſt. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a Father.
[*Ex.* Acaſto.

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever: Who on Earth
Is there ſo wretched as *Monimia*?
Firſt by *Caſtalio* cruelly forſaken;
I've loſt *Acaſto*: his parting frowns
May well inſtruct me, rage is in his heart;
I ſhall be next abandon'd to my Fortune,
Thruſt out a naked wanderer to the World,
And branded for the miſchievous *Monimia*;
What will become of me? My cruel Brother
Is framing miſchiefs too, for ought I know,
That may produce bloodſhed, and horrid Murder:
I would not be the Cauſe of one man's Death,
To reign the Empreſs of the Earth; nay, more,

I'd rather loſe for ever my *Caſtalio*,
My dear unkind *Caſtalio*.

Enter Polydor.

Poll. *Monimia* weeping!
So Morning Dews on new blown Roſes Lodge,
By the Suns amorous heat to be exhal'd.
I come, my Love, to kiſs all ſorrow from thee.
What mean theſe ſighs? and why thus beats thy Heart?

Mon. Let me alone to ſorrow: 'Tis a cauſe
None e're ſhall know; but it ſhall with me die.

Pol. Happy, *Monimia*, he, to whom theſe ſighs,
Theſe tears, and all theſe languiſhings are paid!
I am no ſtranger to your deareſt ſecret;
I know your heart was never meant for me,
That Jewel's for an Elder Brother's price.

Mon. My Lord.

Pol Nay, wonder not, laſt Night I heard
His Oaths, your Vows, and to my torment ſaw
Your wild Embraces: Heard th' appointment made:
I did, *Monimia*, and I curſt the ſound.
Wilt thou be ſworn, my Love? wilt thou be ne're
Unkind again?

Mon. Baniſh ſuch fruitleſs hopes!
Have you ſworn conſtancy to my undoing?
Will you be ne're my Friend again?

Pol. What means my Love?

Mon. Away; what meant my Lord
Laſt night?

Pol. Is that a queſtion now to be demanded?
I hope *Monimia* was not much diſpleaſed.

Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a Proſtitute,
T' aſſault my Lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me if I deny'd admittance?——
You ſaid you were *Caſtalio*——

Pol. By thoſe eyes,
It was the ſame, I ſpent my time much better,
I tell thee, ill natur'd Fair One, I was poſted
To more advantage on a pleaſant Hill
Of ſpringing Joy, and Everlaſting Sweetneſs.

Mon. Hah——have a care.——

Pol. Where is the danger near me?

Mon. I fear y'are on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
And drown your ſoul in wretchedneſs for ever;

A thouſand horrid thoughts crow'd on my memory.
Will you be kind and anſwer me one queſtion?
Pol. I'd truſt thee with my life on thoſe ſoft Breaſts;
Breathe out the choiceſt ſecrets of my heart;
Till I had nothing in it left but Love.
Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you by the Gods, and Angel
By the Honour of your name, that's moſt concern'd,
To tell me, *Polydor*, and tell me truly,
Where did you reſt laſt Night?
Pol. Within thy arms
I triumpht: Reſt had been my Foe.
Mon. 'Tis done——
Pol. She faints: no help, who waits? a curſe
Upon my Vanity that could not keep
The ſecret of my happineſs in ſilence.
Confuſion! we ſhall be ſurpriz'd anon,
And conſequently all muſt be betray'd,
Monimia! ſhe breaths——*Monimia*——
Mon. Well,
Let miſchiefs multiply! Let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increaſe of horror!
Oh let the Sun to theſe unhappy eyes
Ne're ſhine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on ſeem a prodigy,
To fill my Soul with terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curſer of the works of Nature!
Pol. What means all this?
Mon. Oh, *Polydor*, if all
The friendſhip e're you vow'd to good *Caſtilio*
Be not a falſhood, if you ever lov'd
Your Brother, you've undone your ſelf and me.
Pol. Which way can Ruin reach the man that's Rich,
As I am in poſſeſſion of thy Sweetneſs?
Mon. Oh, I'm his Wife.
Pol. What ſays *Monimia*! hah!
Speak that again.
Mon. I am *Caſtalio's* Wife.
Pol. His marry'd wedded Wife?
Mon. Yeſter-days Sun
Saw it perform'd.
Pol. And then have I enjoy'd
My Brother's Wife.
Mon. As ſurely as we both
Muſt taſte of miſery, that guilt is thine.

Pol.

Pol. Muſt we be miſerable then?
Mon. Oh!
Pol. Oh! thou may'ſt yet be happy.
Mon. Couldſt thou be
Happy with ſuch a weight upon thy Soul?
Pol. It may be yet a ſecret: I'll go try
To reconcile and bring *Caſtalio* to thee,
Whilſt from the World I take my ſelf away,
And waſte my life in penance for my Sin.
Mon. Then thou wouldſt more undo me: heap a load
Of added Sins upon my wretched head:
Wouldſt thou again have me betray thy Brother,
And bring pollution to his Arms? curſt thought!
Oh when ſhall I be mad indeed!
Pol. Nay, then
Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an Eternal miſery together.
Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch?
Never grow fond of chearful peace again?
Wilt with me ſtudy to be unhappy,
And find out ways how to encreaſe affliction?
Pol. We'll inſtitute new Arts unknown before,
To vary plagues and make 'm look like new ones:
Firſt, if the Fruit of our deteſted Joy,
A Child be born, it ſhall be murder'd——
Mon. No.
Sure, that may live.
Pol. Why?
Mon. To become a thing
More wretched than its Parents, to be branded
With all our Infamy, and Curſe its Birth.
Pol. That's well contriv'd, then thus let's go together
Full of our guilt, diſtracted where to roam,
Like the firſt Wretched Pair expell'd their Paradiſe.
Let's find ſome place where Adders neſt in Winter,
Loathſom and Venomous; where poiſons hang
Like Gums againſt the Walls; where Witches meet
By night, and feed upon ſome pamper'd Imp,
Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of deſperation,
Deſire ſhall languiſh like a withering Flower,
And no diſtinction of the Sex be thought of,
Horrors ſhall fright me from thoſe pleaſing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with Beauties Charms,
But when I'm dying, take me in thy Arms. [*Ex.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Caſtalio *lying on the ground.*

SONG.

COme, all ye Youths, whoſe Hearts e're bled
By cruel Beauties Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his head,
Let none his Sorrows hide,
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the ſaddeſt Tales of Love;
And ſee, when your Complaints ye joyn,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

2.

The Happieſt Mortal once was I,
My heart no Sorrows knew.
Pity the Pain with which I dye,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as Heaven, whoſe ſtamp ſhe bears,
Think of my Fate, and ſhun her Snares.

Caſtal. See where the Deer trot after one another,
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son,
Brother and Siſter mingled all together;
No diſcontent they know, but in delightful
Wildneſs and freedom, pleaſant Springs, freſh Herbage,
Calm Harbours, luſty health and innocence
Enjoy their portion; If they ſee a man,
How will they turn together all and gaze
Upon the Monſter——
Once in a Seaſon too they taſte of Love:
Only the Beaſt of Reaſon is its Slave,
And in that Folly drudges all the year.

Enter Acaſto.

Acaſt. Caſtalio! Caſtalio!
Caſt. Who's there
So wretched but to name *Caſtalio?*

Acaſt.

Acaſt. I hope my meſſage may ſucceed.
Caſt. My Father,
'Tis Joy to ſee you, though where ſorrow's nouriſht.
Acaſt. I'm come, in Beauties Cauſe, you'l gueſs the reſt.
Caſt. A Woman! if you love my peace of mind,
Name not a Woman to me; but to think
Of Women were enough to taint my Brains,
Till they foment to madneſs? Oh! my Father.
Acaſt. What ayles my Boy?
Caſt. A Woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.
Acaſt. Forget *Monimia*!
Caſt. Shee to chuſe: *Monimia*!
The very ſound's ungrateful to my ſence.
Acaſt. This might ſeem ſtrange; but you I've found will
Hide your Heart from me, you dare not truſt your Father.
Caſt. No more *Monimia*.
Acaſt. Is ſhe not your Wife?
Caſt. So much the worſe, who loves to hear of Wife?
When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worſe than they have already, call 'em Wife:
But a new married wife's a ſeeming miſchief,
Full of her ſelf: Why, what a deal of horror
Has that poor wretch to come, that wedded yeſterday?
Acaſt. Caſtalio, you muſt go along with me,
And ſee *Monimia*.
Caſt. Sure my Lord but mocks me,
Go ſee *Monimia*! Pray, my Lord, excuſe me;
And leave the Conduct of this part of Life
To my own Choice.
Acaſt. I ſay, no more diſpute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.
Caſt. Who has complain'd?
Acaſt. Her Brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd,
And in ſuch terms they've warm'd me.
Acaſt. What terms? her Brother! Heaven!
Where learnt he that?
What does ſhe ſend her Hero with defiance?
He durſt not ſure affront you?
Acaſt. No not much,
But ———
Caſt. Speak, what ſaid he?
Acaſt. That thou wert a Villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a Villain.
Caſt. Shame on the ill-manner'd Brute:

Your

Your age ſecur'd him, he durſt not elſe have ſaid ſo.

Acaſt. By my Sword,
I would not ſee thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely,
Though I have paſt my word ſhe ſhall have Juſtice.

Caſt. Juſtice! to give her Juſtice wou'd undo her:
Think you this Solitude I now have choſen,
Left joys juſt opening to my ſenſe, ſought here
A place to curſe my Fate in, meaſured out
My Grave at length, wiſh to have grown one piece
With this cold Clay, and all without a cauſe?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. Where is the Hero famous and renown'd
For wronging Innocence, and breaking Vows;
Whoſe mighty ſpirit, and whoſe ſtubborn heart,
No woman can appeaſe, nor man provoke?

Acaſt. I gueſs, *Chamont*, you come to ſeek *Caſtalio.*

Cham. I come to ſeek the Husband of *Monimia.*

Caſt. The Slave is here.

Cham. I thought e're now to 'ave found you
Atoning for the Ills you've done *Chamont*:
For you have wrong'd the deareſt part of him;
Monimia, young Lord, weeps in this heart;
And all the Tears thy Injuries have drawn
From her poor Eyes, are drops of Blood from hence.

Caſt. Then you are *Chamont*?

Cham. Yes I hope no Stranger
To great *Caſtalio.*

Caſt. I've heard of ſuch a Man
That has been very buſie with my Honour:
Iown I'm much indebted to you, Sir,
And here return the Villain back again
You ſent me by my Father.

Cham. Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*

Acaſt. By this good Sword, who firſt preſumes to violence
Makes me his Foe—— [*Draws and interpoſes.*
Young Man, it once was thought [*To* Caſtalio.
I was fit Guardian of my Houſes Honour,
And you might truſt your ſhare with me—For you, [*To* Cham.
Young Soldier, I muſt tell you, you have wrong'd me:
I promis'd you to do *Monimia* right,
And thought my word a Pledge, I would not forfeit:
But you I find wou'd fright us to Performance.

Caſt. Sir, in my younger years with Care you taught me,

That brave Revenge was due to injur'd Honour;
Oppoſe not then the Juſtice of my Sword,
Leſt you ſhould make me jealous of your love.

Cham. Into thy Father's arms thou fly'ſt for ſafety,
Becauſe thou know'ſt the place is ſanctify'd
With the Remembrance of an ancient Friendſhip.

Caſt. I am a Villain, if I will not ſeek thee
'Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful Fair thou plead'ſt for.

Cham. She wrong'd thee! by the Fury in my heart,
Thy Father's Honour's not above *Monimia*'s;
Nor was thy Mother's Truth and Vertue fairer.

Acaſt. Boy, don't diſturb the Aſhes of the dead
With thy capricious Follies: The remembrance
Of the lov'd Creature, that fill'd theſe Arms———

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.

Caſt. It ſhall not.

Cham. No, nor ſhall
Monimia, though a helpleſs Orphan, deſtitute
Of Friends and Fortune, though the unhappy Siſter
Of poor *Chamont*, whoſe Sword is all his Portion,
Be oppreſt by thee, thou proud imperious Traytor.

Caſt. Hah! let me free.

Cham. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Serin. Alas! alas!
The cauſe of theſe diſorders, my *Chamont*?
Who is't has wrong'd thee?

Caſta. Now where art thou fled
For ſhelter?

Cham. Come from thine, and ſee what ſafeguard
Shall then betray my fears.

Serin. Cruel *Caſtalio*,
Sheath up thy angry Sword, and don't affright me:
Chamont, let once *Serina* calm thy Breaſt,
If any of thy Friends have done thee injuries,
I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

Caſt. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This opportunity to ſhew your Vanity,
Let's meet ſome other time, when by our ſelves
We fairly may diſpute our wrongs together.

Cham. Till then, I am *Caſtalio*'s Friend.

Caſt. *Serina*,

Farewel;

Farewel, I wiſh much happineſs attend you.

Serin. *Chamont*'s the deareſt thing I have on Earth;
Give me *Chamont*, and let the world forſake me.

Cham. Witneſs the Gods, how happy I am in thee!
No beauteous Bloſſom of the Fragrant Spring,
Though the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be ſo lovely. Angry, unkind *Caſtalio*,
Suppoſe *I* ſhould a while lay by my paſſions,
And be a beggar in *Monimia*'s Cauſe,
Might it be heard?

Caſt. Sir 'Twas my laſt requeſt
You wou'd, though you I find will not be ſatisfi'd:
So in a word, *Monimia* is my ſcorn;
She baſely ſent you here to try my fears;
That was your buſineſs.
No artful Proſtitute, in Falſhood's practis'd,
To make advantage of her Coxcombs Follies,
Could have done more——Diſquiet vex her for't.

Cham. Farewel.

Caſt. Farewel——My Father, you ſeem troubled.

Acaſt. Would I had been abſent when this boiſterous Brave
Came to diſturb thee thus: I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy juſt reſentment—— But *Monimia*——

Caſt. Damn her.

Acaſt. Don't curſe her.

Caſt. Did I?

Acaſt. Yes.

Caſt. I'm ſorry for't.

Acaſt. Methinks, as if *I* gueſs the fault's but ſmall,
It might be pardon'd.

Caſt. No.

Acaſt. What has ſhe done?

Caſt. That ſhe's my Wife, may Heav'n and you forgive me.

Acaſt. Be reconciled then.

Caſt. No.

Acaſt. Go ſee her.

Caſt. No.

Acaſt. I'll ſend an bring her hither.

Caſt. No.

Acaſt. For my ſake,
Caſtalio, and the quiet of my age.

Caſt. Why will you urge a thing my Nature ſtarts at?

Acaſt. Prithee forgive her.

Caſt. Lightnings firſt ſhall blaſt me.
I tell you were ſhe proſtrate at my Feet,

Full of her Sexes beſt diſſembled ſorrows,
And all that wondrous Beauty of her own,
My heart might break, but it ſhould never ſoften.

Enter Florella.

Flor. My Lord, where are you? Oh *Caſtalio!*
Acaſt. Heark.
Caſt. What's that?
Flor. Oh ſhew me quickly, where's *Caſtalio.*
Acaſt. Why, what's the buſineſs?
Flor. Oh the poor *Monimia!*
Caſt. Hah!
Acaſt What's the matter?
Flor. Hurry'd by deſpair
She flies with fury over all the houſe,
Through every Room of each Apartment crying,
Where's my *Caſtalio?* give me my *Caſtalio:*
Except ſhe ſees you, ſure ſhe'll grow diſtracted.
Caſt. Hah! will ſhe? does ſhe name *Caſtalio?*
And with ſuch tenderneſs? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely Mourner. Oh my Father.
Acaſt. Then wilt thou go? bleſſings attend thy purpoſe,
Caſt. I cannot hear *Monimia's* Soul's in ſadneſs,
And be a man, my heart will not forget her,
But do not tell the world you ſaw this of me.
Acaſt. Delay not then, but haſte and chear thy Love.
Caſt. Oh *I* will throw m'impatient Arms about her,
In her ſoft boſom ſigh my Soul to peace,
Till through the panting breaſt ſhe finds the way
To mould my heart, and make it what ſhe will.
Monimia! Oh!

[*Ex.* Acaſt. Caſt.

Enter Monimia.

Mon. Stand off, and give me Room,
I will not reſt till I have found *Caſtalio.*
My wiſhes Lord, comely as riſing day,
Amidſt ten thouſand eminently known.
Flowers ſpring where e'er he treads, his Eyes
Fountains of brightneſs cheering all about him:
When will they ſhine on me?—Oh ſtay my Soul!
I cannot dye in peace till *I* have ſeen him.

Caſtalio.

Caſtalio *re-Enters.*

Caſt. Who talks of dying with a Voice ſo ſweet,
That life's in love with it?
Mon. Hark! 'tis he that anſwers:
So in a Camp, though at the dead of night,
If but the Trumpets chearful noiſe is heard,
All at the ſignal leap from downey reſt,
And every heart awakes, as mine does now.
Where art thou?
Caſt. Here, my Love.
Mon. No nearer, leſt I vaniſh.
Caſt. Have I been in a Dream then all this while!
And art thou but the ſhadow of *Monimia*!
Why doſt thou fly me thus?
Mon. Oh! were it poſſible that he could drown
In dark Oblivion but a few paſt hours,
We might be happy.
Caſt. Is't then ſo hard, *Monimia*, to forgive
A fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores thee?
For I muſt love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way ſhall I Court thee?
What ſhall I do to be enough thy Slave,
And ſatisfie thy lovely pride that's in thee;
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee.
Yet prithee, Tyrant, break not quite my heart?
But when my task of Penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with Love.
Mon. I am dum, *Caſtalio*, and want words,
To pay thee back this mighty tenderneſs;
It is becauſe I look on thee with horror,
And cannot ſee the man I ſo have wrong'd.
Caſt. Thou haſt not wrong'd me.
Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'ſt
Juſt as thy poor Heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee?
Caſt. No.
Mon. Still thou wander'ſt in the dark, *Caſtalio*;
But wilt e're long ſtumble on horrid danger.
Caſt. What means my Love!
Mon. Couldſt thou but forgive me?
Caſt. What?
Mon. For my fault laſt night; Alas, thou canſt not.
Caſt. I can, and do.
Mon. Thus Crawling on the Earth.

Would

Would I that Pardon meet; the only thing
Can make me view the Face of Heaven with hope.
Caſt. Then let's draw near.
Mon. Ah me!
Caſt. So in the Fields,
When the deſtroyer has been out for prey,
The ſcatter'd Lovers of the Feather'd kind,
Seeking when danger's paſt to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by ſuch degrees approach;
Till joying thus they bill and ſpread their wings,
Murmuring Love, and Joy, their fears are over.
Mon. Yet have a care, be not too fond of peace,
Leſt in Purſuance of the goodly quarry,
Thou meet a diſappointment that diſtracts thee.
Caſt. My better Angel, then do thou inform me,
What danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why didſt thou (prithee ſmile and tell me why)
When I ſtood waiting underneath the Window,
Quaking with fierce and violent deſires;
The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,
Darkneſs enclos'd, and the Winds whiſtl'd round me;
Which with my mournful ſighs made ſuch ſad Muſick,
As might have mov'd the hardeſt heart: Why wert thou
Deaf to my Cries and ſenſeleſs of my pains?
Mon. Did *I* not beg thee to forbear inquiry?
Read'ſt thou not ſomething in my face that ſpeaks
Wonderful change and horror from within me?
Caſt. Then there is ſomething yet which I've not known;
What doſt thou mean by horror, and forbearance
Of more inquiry; tell me, *I* beg thee, tell me;
And do not betray me to a ſecond madneſs.
Mon. Muſt *I*?
Caſt. If labouring in the pangs of death
Thou wouldſt do any thing to give me eaſe;
Unfold this riddle e're my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.
Mon. My heart won't let me ſpeak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor *Monimia* tell you this,
We ne're muſt meet again——
Caſt. What means my deſtiny?
For all my good or evil Fate dwells in thee:
Ne're meet again!
Mon. No, never.
Caſt. Where's the pow'r
On Earth, that dares not look like thee, and ſay ſo,

Thou

Thou art my heart's inheritance, I ſerv'd
A long and painful, faithful ſlavery for thee,
And who ſhall rob me of the dear bought bleſſing?

Mon. Time will clear all, but now let this content you:
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've reſolv'd,
(With torment I muſt tell it thee, *Caſtalio*)
Ever to be a ſtranger to thy Love,
In ſome far diſtant Country waſte my life,
And from this day to ſee thy Face no more.

Caſt. Where am I? ſure I wander midſt Inchantment,
And never more ſhall find the way to reſt;
But, oh *Monimia*, art the' indeed reſolv'd,
To puniſh me with everlaſting abſence;
Why turn'ſt thou from me? I'm alone already;
Methinks I ſtand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the Seas complaining,
Whilſt afar off the Veſſel ſails away,
Where all the Treaſure of my Soul's embarqu'd;
Wilt thou not turn—Oh could thoſe eyes but ſpeak
I ſhould know all, for Love is pregnant in 'em;
They ſwell, they preſs their beams upon me ſtill;
Wilt thou not ſpeak? if we muſt part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And pleaſe my ſelf withal whilſt my heart's breaking.

[*Ex.* Mon.

Mon. A poor *Caſtalio*!

Caſt. Pity, by the Gods,
She pities me; then thou wilt go Eternally?
What means all this? why all ſtir to plague
A ſingle wretch? If but your word can ſhake
This world to Atomes, why ſo much ado
With me? think me but dead and lay me ſo.

Enter Polydor.

Pol. To live, and live a torment to my ſelf,
What Dog would bear't that knew but his Condition?
We have little knowledge, and that makes us Cowards.
Becauſe it cannot tell us, what's to come.

Caſt. Who's there?

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Caſt. My Brother *Polydor*!

Pol. My Name is *Polydor*.

Caſt. Canſt thou inform me?

Pol. Of what?

Caſt.

Caſt. Of my *Monimia.*

Pol. No. Good-day.

Caſt. In haſte?

Methinks my *Polydor* appears in ſadneſs.

Pol. Indeed and ſo to me does my *Caſtalio.*

Caſt. Do I?

Pol. Thou doſt.

Caſt. Alas! I've wondrous reaſon;

I'm ſtrangely alter'd, Brother, ſince I ſaw thee.

Pol. Why?

Caſt. Oh, to tell thee would but put thy heart

To pain, let me embrace thee but a little,

And weep upon thy Neck; I would repoſe

Within thy friendly boſom all my Follies

For thou wilt pardon 'em, becauſe th'are mine.

Pol. Be not too credulous, conſider firſt,

Friends may be falſe. Is there no Friendſhip falſe?

Caſt. Why doſt thou ask me that? does this appear

Like a falſe Friendſhip, when with open Arms

And ſtreaming Eyes, I run upon thy Breaſt?

Oh 'tis in thee alone I muſt have comfort.

Poll. I fear, *Caſtalio*, I have none to give thee.

Caſt. Doſt thou not love me then?

Pol. Oh, more than life:

I never had a thought of my *Caſtalio*

Might wrong the Friendſhip we had vow'd together.

Haſt thou dealt ſo by me?

Caſt. I hope I have.

Pol. Then tell me why this mourning, this diſorder?

Caſt. Oh, *Polydor*, I know not how to tell thee;

Shame riſes in my Face, and interrupts

The Story of my Tongue.

Pol. I grieve, my Friend

Knows any thing which he's aſham'd to tell me;

Or did'ſt thou e're conceal thy thoughts from *Polydor*?

Caſt. Oh, much too oft,

But let me here conjure thee,

By all the kind affection of a Brother,

(For I am aſham'd to call my ſelf thy Friend)

Forgive me.

Pol. Well, go on.

Caſt. Our Deſtiny contriv'd

To plague us both with one unhappy Love!

Thou like a Friend a conſtant generous Friend,

In it's firſt pangs didſt truſt me with thy paſſion,

Whilſt

Whilſt I ſtill ſmooth'd my pain with ſmiles before thee,
And made a Contract I ne're meant to keep.

Pol. How!

Caſt. Still new ways I ſtudy'd to abuſe thee,
And kept thee as a Stranger to my Paſſion,
Till Yeſterday I wedded with *Monimia*.

Pol. Ah, *Caſtalio*, was that well done?

Caſt. No, to conceal it from thee, was much a fault.

Pol. A fault! when thou haſt heard
The Tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?

Caſt. How my heart throbs!

Pol. Firſt, for thy Friendſhip, Traytor,
I cancel't thus; after this day I'll ne're
Hold truſt, or converſe, with the falſe *Caſtilio*:
This, witneſs Heav'n.

Caſt. What will my Fate do with me?
I've loſt all happineſs, and know not, why:
What means this, Brother?

Pol. Perjur'd, Treacherous Wretch,
Farewel.

Caſt. I'll be thy Slave, and thou ſhalt uſe me
Juſt as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never.

Caſt. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing;
How from our Infancy we hand in hand
Have trod the Path of Life, in Love together;
One Bed has held us, and the ſame deſires,
The ſame Averſions ſtill employ'd our thoughts:
When e're had I a Friend, that was not *Polydor's*,
Or *Polydor*, a Foe, that was not mine?
Ev'n in the Womb we embrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the firſt fault, abandon, and forſake me,
Leave me amidſt Afflictions to my ſelf,
Plung'd in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?

Pol. Go to *Monimia*, in her Arms thou'lt find
Repoſe; She has the Art of healing ſorrows.

Caſt. What Arts?

Pol. Blind Wretch, thou Husband! there's a queſtion;
Go to her fulſome Bed, and wallow there,
Till ſome hot Ruffian, full of Luſt and Wine,
Come ſtorm thee out, and ſhew thee what's thy Bargain.

Caſt. Hold there, I charge thee.

Pol. Is ſhe not a———

Caſt. Whore?

Pol. Ay, Whore, I think that word needs no explaining.

Cast. Alas, I can forgive, ev'n this to thee;
But let me tell thee, *Polydor*, I'm griev'd,
To find thee guilty of such low Revenge,
To wrong that Vertue which thou couldst not ruin.
Pol. It seems I lye then.
Cast. Should the bravest men
That e're wore Conquering Sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of Liars:
My Friend may be mistaken.
Pol. Damn the Evasion,
Thou mean'st the worst, and he's a base-born Villain
That said I ly'd.
Cast. Do, draw thy Sword, and thrust it through my heart;
There's no Joy in life, if thou art lost.
A base born Villain!
Pol. Yes, thou never cameſt
From old *Acaſto*'s Loyns, the Midwife put
A cheat upon my Mother, and instead
Of a true Brother, in the Cradle by me
Plac'd some course Peasants Cub, and thou art he.
Cast. Thou art my Brother still.
Pol. Thou ly'st.
Cast. Nay, then: [*He draws.*
Yet I am Calm.
Pol. A Coward's always so.
Cast. Ah——ah——that stings home: Coward!
Pol. Ay, base born Coward, Villain.
Cast. This to thy heart then, though my Mother bore thee.
[*Fights,* Polydor *drops his Sword, and runs on* Castal.
Pol. Now my *Castalio* is again my Friend.
Cast. What have I done? My Sword is in thy Breast.
Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of Men,
Thou kindest Brother, and thou truest Friend.
Cast. Ye Gods, we're taught, that all your works are Justice,
Y'are painted merciful, and Friends to innocence:
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?
Pol. Blame not the Heav'ns, here lies thy Fate, *Castalio*;
Th'are not the God's, 'tis *Polydor* has wrong'd thee;
I've stain'd thy Bed, thy spotless Marriage Joys
Have been polluted by thy Brother's Lust.
Cast. By thee!
Pol. By me; last night the horrid deed
Was done; when all things slept, but Rage and Incest.
Cast. Now, where's *Monimia*? Oh!

Enter

Enter Monimia.

Mon. I'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a Voice
Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at feed before him.
But what mean's this? here's Blood.
Caſt. Ay, Brother's Blood;
Art thou prepar'd for Everlaſting pains?
Pol. Oh let me charge thee by th'Eternal Juſtice,
Hurt not her tender life!
Caſt. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye Powers above, with all your choiceſt Torments,
Horror of mind, and pains yet uninvented,
If I not practiſe cruelty upon her,
And treat Revenge ſome way yet never known.
Mon. That task my ſelf have finiſht, I ſhall dye
Before we part; I've drunk a healing Draught
For all my Cares, and never more ſhall wrong thee.
Pol. Oh, ſhe's innocent.
Caſt. Tell me that Story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.
Pol. Hadſt thou, *Caſtalio*, us'd me like a Friend,
This ne're had happen'd; hadſt thou let me know
Thy Marriage, we had all now met in Joy:
But ignorant of that,
Hearing th'appointment made, enrag'd to think
Thou hadſt out-done me in ſucceſsful Love,
I in the dark went and ſupply'd thy Place,
Whilſt all the Night, midſt our Triumphant Joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd *Monimia*,
Embrac'd, Careſt, and call'd me her *Caſtalio*.
Caſt. And all this is the work of my own Fortune,
None but my ſelf could e're have been ſo curſt,
My Fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee,
Thou faireſt, goodlieſt Frame the God's e're made,
Or ever Human Eyes, and Hearts ador'd.
I've murder'd too my Brother.
Why wouldſt thou ſtudy ways to damn me further,
And force the ſin of Parricide upon me?
Pol. 'Twas my own Fault, and thou art innocent,
Forgive the barbarous treſpaſs of my Tongue,
'Twas a hard violence; I cou'd have dy'd
With Love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worſt;

Nay, at each word that my Diſtraction utter'd,
My heart recoy'l'd, and 'twas half death to ſpeak 'em.

Mon. Now, my *Caſtalio*, the moſt dear of men,
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy Boſom,
And cloſe the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Caſt. Oh I'm the unhappy wretch, whoſe curſed Fate
Has weigh'd thee down into deſtruction with him,
Why then thus kind to me?

Mon. When I'm laid low in the Grave, and quite forgotten,
Maiſt thou be happy, in a Fairer Bride;
But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.
When I am dead, as preſently I ſhall be;
(For the grim Tyrant graſps my heart already)
Speak well of me, and if thou find ill tongues
Too buſie with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd,
'Twill be a noble Juſtice to the memory
Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy Love.
How my Head ſwims! 'Tis very dark: Good night. [*Dies.*

Caſt. If I ſurvive thee, what a thought was that?
Thank Heav'n I go prepar'd againſt that Curſe.

Enter Chamont *diſarm'd, and ſeiz'd by* Acaſto, *and Servants.*

Cham. Gape Hell, and ſwallow me to quick Damnation!
If I forgive your Houſe, if I not live
An everlaſting plague to thee, *Acaſto*,
And all thy Race. Y'have o'repower'd me now;
But hear me, Heav'n! Ah, here's the Scene of Death,
My Siſter, my *Monimia*! Breathleſs! now,
Ye Powers above, if y'have Juſtice, ſtrike,
Strike Bolts through me, and through the curſt *Caſtalio*.

Acaſt. My *Polydor*.

Pol. Who calls?

Acaſt. How cam'ſt thou wounded?

Caſt. Stand off thou hot-brain'd boiſtrous noiſy Ruffian,
And leave me to my ſorrows.

Cham. By the love
I bore her living, I will ne're forſake,
But here remain till my heart burſts with ſobbing.

Caſt. Vaniſh I charge thee, or—— [*Draws a Dagger.*

Cham. Thou canſt not kill me,
That would be kindneſs, and againſt thy Nature.

Acaſt. What means, *Caſtalio*? Sure thou wilt not pull
More ſorrows on thy Aged Father's head.
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the ſad Cauſe
Of all this ruin.

Pol.

Pol. That must be my Task;
But 'tis too long for one in pains to tell;
You'll in my Closet find the story written
Of all our woes. *Castalio's* innocent,
And so's *Monimia*, only I'm to blame:
Inquire no farther.

Cast. Thou, unkind *Chamont*,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate,
And sought the life of him that never wrong'd thee:
Now if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
Come joyn with me and curse.

Cham. What?

Cast. First thy self,
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth:
Confusion and disorder seize the World,
To spoil all trust and converse amongst men;
'Twixt Families engender endless feuds,
In Countries needless fears, in Cities factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism;
Till all things move against the course of Nature;
Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
And the Originals of Being lost.

Acast. Have Patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires; the Knaves
That teach it laugh at ye, when ye believe 'em.
Strip me of all the common needs of Life,
Scald me with Leprosie, let Friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but curst to the degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more. [*Stabs himself.*

Pol. Castalio! Oh!

Cast. I come.
Chamont to thee my Birth-right *I* bequeath:
Comfort my Mourning Father, heal his griefs;
——— [*Acasto faints into the Arms of a Servant.*
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.
And for *Monimia's* sake, whom thou wilt find
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor *Serina*.
Now all I beg, is, lay me in one Grave
Thus with my Love, Farewel, I now am —— nothing. [*Dies.*

Cham. Take care of good *Acasto* whilst I go
To search the means by which the Fates have plagu'd us:
'Tis thus that Heaven its Empire does maintain,
It may Afflict, but Man must not Complain.

EPILOGUE

Epilogue.

YOu've seen one Orphan *ruin'd here, and I*
May be the next, if old Acasto *dye:*
Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find,
Who 'tis would to the fatherless be kind.
To whose protection might I safely go?
Is there amongst you no good Nature? No.
What should I do? should I the Godly seek,
And go a Conventickling twice a Week?
Quit the lewd Stage, and its prophane pollution,
Affect each Form and Saint-like Institution,
So draw the Brethren all to Contribution?
Or shall I (as I guess the Poet may
Within these three days) fairly run away?
No, to some City-Lodgings I'll retire,
Seem very grave, and privacy desire:
Till I am thought some Heiress rich in Lands,
Fled to escape a cruel Guardian's Hands;
Which may produce a Story worth the telling,
Of the next Sparks that go a Fortune-stealing.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of some *Novels* and *Plays* Printed for *R. Bentley.*

NOVELS.

1 *Zelinda*, a fam'd *Romance.*
2 *Happy Slave*, in three Parts.
3 Count *Brion.*
4 Count *Gabales.*
5 *Hatige*, or the Amours of the King of *Tamaran.*
6 Mad. *Lavalier* and the King of *France.*
7 Madam and the Duke of *Guise.*
8 Mad. *Colonna*'s Memoirs.
9 Queen of *Majorca*, two Parts.
10 Don *Sebastian* King of *Portugal.*
11 Heroine Musquetier.
12 Princess of *Cleves.*
13 Obliging Mistress.
14 Fatal Prudence.
15 Princess of *Fez.*
16 Disorders of Love.
17 Triumph of Love.
18 Victorious Lovers.
19 *Almanzor* and *Almanzaida*
20 Earl of *Essex* and Qu. *Elizabeth.*
21 *Neopolitan*, or, the Defender of his Mistress.
22 *Nicostratis.*
23 Amorous Abbess.
24 *Homais* Queen of *Tunis.*
25 Pilgrim, in two Parts.
26 *Meroveus*, Prince of the Blood-Royal of *France.*
27 Life of the Duke of *Guise.*
28 Extravagant Poet.
29 *Memoires Gallant.*
30 Instruction for a Young Nobleman.

PLAYS.

1 *Tartuff*, or the *French* Puritan.
2 Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom.
3 *English Monsieur.*
4 All mistaken, or the Mad Couple.
5 Generous Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers.
6 The Plain-Dealer.
7 *Sertorius*, a Tragedy.
8 *Nero*, a Tragedy.
9 *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's* Overthrow.
10 *Gloriana*, or the Court of *Augustus Cæsar.*
11 *Alexander* the Great.
12 *Mithridates* King of *Pontus.*
13 *Oedipus* King of *Thebes.*
14 *Cæsar Borgia.*
15 *Theodosius*,

15 *Theodosius*, or the Force of Love.
16 Madam *Fickle*, or the Witty False One.
17 The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters.
18 Esquire *Old Sap*, or the Night-Adventurers.
19 Fool turn'd Critick.
20 Virtuous Wife, or Good Luck at last.
21 The Fatal Wager.
22 *Andromache*.
23 Country Wit.
24 *Calisto*, or the Chaste Nymph.
25 Destruction of *Jerusalem*, in two Parts.
26 Ambitious Statesman, or the Loyal Favourite.
27 Misery of Civil War.
28 The Murder of the Duke of *Gloucester*.
29 *Thyestes*, a Tragedy.
30 *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark*, a Tragedy.
31 The Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage.
32 The Soldiers Fortune.
33 *Tamerlain* the Great.
34 Mr. *Limberham*, or the Kind Keeper.
35 Mistaken Husband.
36 Notes of *Morocco*, by the Wits.
37 *Essex* and *Elizabeth*, or the Unhappy Favourite.
38 Virtue Betray'd, or *Anna Bullen*.
39 King *Lear*.
40 *Abdelazor*, or the *Moor*'s Revenge.
41 Town Fob, or Sir *Tim. Taudery*.
42 *Rare en tout*, a *French* Comedy.
43 *Moor* of *Venice*.
44 Country Wife.
45 City Politicks.
46 Duke of *Guise*.
47 Rehearsal.
48 King and no King.
49 *Philaster*, or Love lies a Bleeding.
50 Maids Tragedy.
51 Grateful Servant.
52 Strange Discovery.
53 Atheist, or the Second Part of the Soldier's Fortune.
54 Wit without Money.
55 Little Thief.
56 Valiant *Scot*.
57 *Constantine*.
58 *Valentinian*.
59 Amorous Prince.
60 *Dutch* Lovers.
61 Woman Bully.
62 Reformation.
63 *Hero* and *Leander*.
64 Love Tricks.
65 *Julius Cæsar*.
66 Fatal Jealousie.
67 Monsieur *Ragou*.
68 Island Queen, or *Mary* Queen of *Scotland*.